

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

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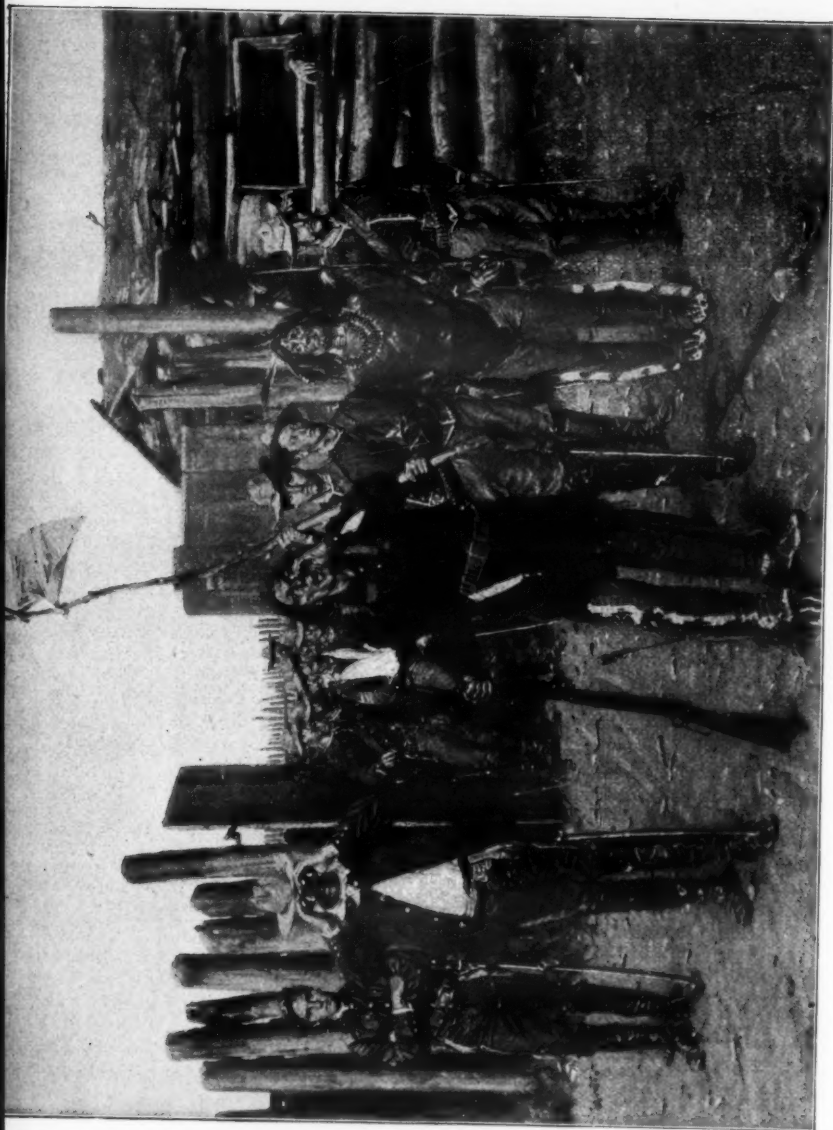
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CONTENTS FOR JUNE 1898

		PAGE.
COVER DESIGN	"Gomez Leads The Charge" <i>Painted by Matt Morgan, Jr.</i>	
FRONTISPIECE	"Exchange of Prisoners" <i>Painted by Gilbert Gaul</i>	
A PAINTER OF TRAVEL	Sketch <i>Illustrated with Original Photographs</i>	THEODORE DREISER 391
THE RUSH TO CARIBOO	Sketch <i>Specially Illustrated</i>	FREDERIC R. MARVIN 399
CUBA:—1898	Ode	HAROLD R. VYNNE 405
THE SWASHBUCKLER'S ST. ELSIE	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	THEODORE ROBERTS 406
TOM QUARITCH'S SISTER	(Concluded from May issue) <i>Illustrated</i>	STANLEY J. WEYMAN 413
A FLOWER	Sonnet	PHELPS GRAHAM 420
IN THE NICK OF TIME	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	TOM HALL 421
AD BELLONAM	Ode	FRANK L. POLLOCK 429
"BE BLESSED"	Allegory <i>Illustrated</i>	HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ 430
SONG OF THE DAYS	Poem	W. TYLER OLCOTT 432
WHERE BATTLESHIPS ARE BUILT	Sketch <i>Illustrated from Original Photographs</i>	EDWARD AL 433
THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION	Sketch <i>Illustrated from Special Photographs</i>	EDMUND STOWE 440
FLOATING HOMES OF NAVAL OFFICERS	Sketch <i>Illustrated from Special Photographs</i>	HENRY HARRISON LEWIS 444
TWO PORTRAITS	General Fitzhugh Lee; Frances Willard	448
THE DUCHY OF DEODONATO	Story <i>Illustrated</i>	ANTHONY HOPE 452
MULVANEY REGRETS	Poem	RUDYARD KIPLING 458
STRATEGY IN MODERN WARFARE	Sketch <i>Illustrated</i>	A GRADUATE OF WEST POINT 459
THE CHILD WONDER	Storiette	IZOLA FORRESTER 462
LETTERS TO JUSTINA	Books and Reading	CHRIS 464
THE PUBLISHER'S TABLE		467

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The Exchange of Prisoners
(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

VOL. 1

JUNE 1898

No. 5



Parrot sellers of Corinto
(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)

A PAINTER OF TRAVELS

BY

THEODORE DREISER

TO travel is, for the venturesome spirit, a heavenly privilege, for certainly the heart of the world "yearns in other worlds to be," but to travel and be able to paint the impressive sights by the way is both a privilege and an ability which for delight, passeth (with the uninitiated) all human understanding. Nights spent in the open; long days among strangers and constantly shifting scenes, with the ability to preserve the rarest of their beauties in color—here is happiness.

These accompanying eight pictures, paintings by Gilbert Gaul, are really

illustrations of his travels and very striking representative scenes from Mexican and Western life. During the gold fever of 1890 he traveled in Mexico, looking up the several routes to the gold fields, which Easterners, coming by sea to Mexico, usually followed. He traveled from Acapulco to the City of Mexico on horseback, from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz, and from Vera Cruz to Guadalajara by train, and from the latter city by stage and mules to San Blas, on the Pacific coast. Of this journey the pictures *Mexican Shepherd*, and *Mexican Ranchero*, are reminiscences. Going down the Pacific

coast to Corinto in Nicaragua, he returned on horseback overland to the Atlantic coast, and of this journey the *Parrot Seller of Corinto* and *Three Bells*, are scenes which he witnessed.

At the time of the taking of the census, 1892, he was commissioned by the government to go among the Sioux, and other Western tribes of Indians, to learn all about them and write a report. For two years he went about this work, leading a nomadic life, among Indians and army officers. He passed his time along the upper sources of the Missouri, in the Rockies; visiting Forts Yates, Sully, Lincoln, Bennett, and indeed all the outposts designed to hold the restless savages in check. He also journeyed to the forts in Texas, and of this life the pictures, *Christmas Behind the Breastworks*, *A Desperate Mission*, and *Exchange of Prisoners*, are illustrative. There are many other paintings by him, all drawn from the wealth of incident and experience in the West and in Mexico, but they are no

more to the purpose than these, nor more valuable as pictures.

With the spirit of Mexican life the pictures *Mexican Shepherd*, and *Mexican Ranchero*, are infectious. To realize them one must know the country. The great bulk of the republic is a high central plateau averaging seven thousand feet above the sea level. On the east this descends abruptly to the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west slopes more temperately to the Pacific. Here are grown coffee, sugar, bananas and other tropical fruits. The great plateau is called *Tierra Frias*, or frigid zone, but it is not frigid, and the slopes on either side are a little more than the *Tierra Templada*, or temperate zones, that they are called. In one day's travel, passing down the mountains, the traveler can see every variety of product and feel corresponding changes in temperature. The rainy season varies in different localities, but roughly speaking embraces the months from June to October, while during the rest of the year



"Three Bells."

(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)

rain falls but rarely. A clear sky always prevails, save for a few hours during the days of the rainy season.

In such a climate, where January is like our June, and where all nature when not parched brown beneath a too radiant sun, is green, the picturesque abounds. Cities are few and not populous as we think of cities. The great unmarked fields are given over to the shepherd and his immense flocks of sheep, or to herds of cattle. Such a character follows his flock night and day, for a month at a time, without ever seeing a village. By day he is wherever a little shade may be had; by night, when all is cool and the skies clear, upon his horse following slowly after the sheep as they ramble. For they too are wise, after the manner of the shepherd, preferring to sleep by day and to wander and eat by night when it is cool.

Not many of the nation are shepherds, but the traveler encounters such as are quite frequently. They are well known to those who travel other than by rail, for grazing territories in Mexico are large and numerous. They are in a sense mates of the *rancheros*, the men who gather

fagots for a living, and whose main object in life seems to be to do the least possible work for the cheapest possible existence.

The costume of the people of the upper and middle class of Mexico has conformed very generally to our own, so that no difference can be observed, and very often it is impossible to tell whether to address a person in Spanish or in English. The lower classes in some sections adhere altogether to their former dress, but in other sections of the country in this particular they have to a large extent followed the example of their superiors in social position. The distinctive features of the former dress, wherever retained, is for a man, a tall cone-shaped hat of felt or straw, with a wide brim, called a *sombrero*, a pair of exceedingly tight-fitting pants, and a gaudy blanket wrapped about the upper part of the body, and often held so as to conceal the mouth. This is called a *serape*. Often the *sombrero* is gaudily decorated, costing sometimes fifty dollars and even more, and the trousers are decorated with lace on the seams. This is when the adherent to the old costume has some means, in which case he sometimes adds to his dress a jacket bedizened with



A Mexican Shepherd
(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)



Tennessee Hunters
(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)

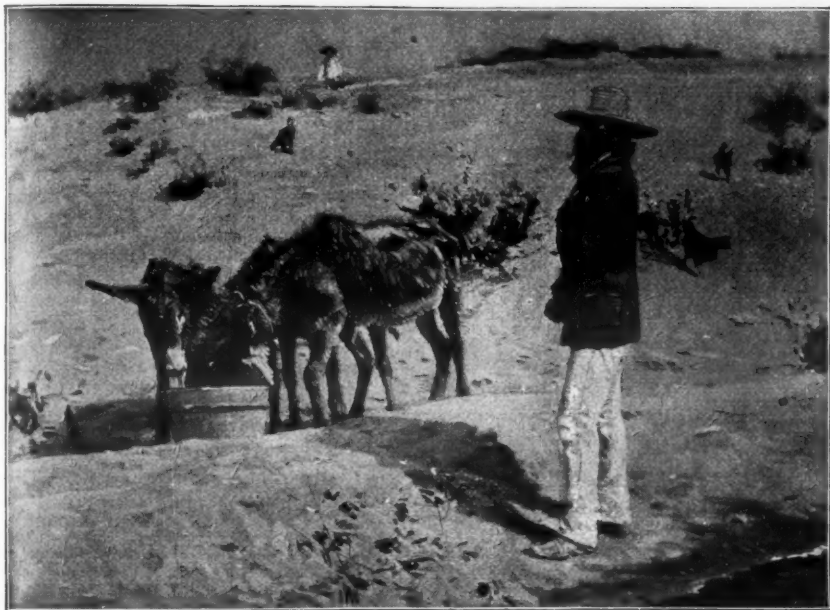
great quantities of gold lace or white braid. But these individuals are now few in number.

Often, especially further south, the humble *peon* is content with a costume consisting of a pair of coarse linen drawers, a coarse linen shirt and poncho, which last is a coarse blanket, with a slit in the middle through which the wearer passes his head. This simple costume is completed by a cheap straw sombrero, with its high steeple crown, and a pair of sandals, unless, as in most cases, the sandals are even dispensed with. The women of the upper and middle classes almost uniformly conform to our manner of dress save that the *rehoso*, a kind of mantilla, is still often worn over the head in lieu of a bonnet. The *rehoso* is universally worn by the poorer classes, doubtless on account of its cheapness and durability as a covering for the head.

It is a type of the high sombreroed, tight-trousered Mexican that is shown in the picture of the *ranchero*. He has brought his burro to water, a fluid that is never unwelcome in Mexico. This woodsman is common to those stretches of territory where there are scarcely any

trees or bushes above ground. The wood that he sells to make his living is all roots, which he digs, the stalk and branches above ground being mere sprigs. There is little nourishment to be had above in the way of rain, and so the bushes, which in a more watery clime would be trees, take nourishment from the soil. Consequently the roots are large. Fire is not needed for warming in Mexico, hence it is reserved for cooking, and the houses have no chimneys. Your wood gatherer ekes out a living, however, with the aid of his faithful burro. It is his plan to go into the open, digging roots in the early mornings and late evenings for three days. By that time he has probably gathered enough to bring him a dollar and a half in coin. He then returns to the city, disposes of his fuel, and remains three or four days in idleness, sunning himself with companions in the public squares, until his means of subsistence have vanished. Then, like the shepherd, he returns to the fields and his vocations, where means for another period of idleness may be gathered. Mr. Gaul has painted him the idler that he is, and has given the tough, sulky, hard-headed

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The Mexican Ranchero

(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)

qualities characteristic of the burro. These little animals are known to carry more than their own weight in loads, and when the latter are of spreading fagots, making a bulk three times the size of the animal, the moving spectacle appeals to one's sense of the ridiculous. Money is not an object with the Mexican—at least not so much as idleness. Like the poor Italians of the sunny south, who when asked to undertake an errand, often reply "Thank you, but I have had my dinner," so the poor Mexican, with a few *centavos* in his pocket also refuses to labor until these have vanished.

The west coasts of Mexico and Nicaragua are but sparsely settled, and traveling north or south is quickest and cheapest by sea. From Acapulco on the Mexican coast southwest of the City of Mexico, to Corinto on the west coast of Nicaragua is a sea journey of a few hundred miles. The picture *Three Bells* is an incident often occurring at seven o'clock in the morning when the pilot is handed so humble a thing as a drink, after his hours of silent guiding.

The painting *Parrot Sellers of Corinto* is a typical scene of the coast, where natives come out in small boats to sell such wares as the city has to offer. The tide in the harbor at that place runs strong, and to any but the skilful natives the handling of a canoe in such troubled water is a dangerous thing. The venturesome Nicaraguans who dwell along the coast and make their living by selling local merchandise to the passengers of the coast vessels, and the Pacific mail steamers which stop there on their journeys, inherit the ability to manage these small craft from their parents who sold to vessels before them. On days when several steamers arrive the harbor is alive with these small boats. They offer fruits and vegetables, and parrots and birds of rare plumage. Parrot selling in particular is profitable, and the offerings of these tamed birds are sometimes so large that the gunwales of the boats will be lined with them. They hold their positions undisturbed by the rocking of the water, and chatter volubly on, heedless of the bargaining. The sight of a neat Spanish-

American maiden, standing and balancing herself in the little boat as it rises and falls upon the waves, and holding parrots aloft on either hand, as in the painting, is not an uncommon one. Very low prices are asked, and the sales are not immense, but somehow the natives find it profitable, for living on shore is very cheap.

Traveling through Nicaragua is not without its element of danger as well as interest to the lone traveler. If you do not speak the language the natives are suspicious and are prone to cause you delay, if nothing more serious. Bandits are not unknown, and it has often been laid down as good advice, to hire a guide and then defer paying him until reaching your destination. This impresses him with the idea that your present supply of money in hand is small, and makes your safe conduct a money consideration involving his own interest. Even then a good revolver is not a bad thing to have concealed upon the person, as there are

those who do not consult your own or your guide's interest.

A burro to carry the baggage, including the camping outfit, some small silver to appease the natives as you encounter them on fête days, together with a wise guide and a large stock of discretion, makes traveling comfortable and allows time for enjoyment of the peculiar characteristics of life in so warm a clime. In many respects the people are like those of Mexico, and the difference exists more in a less orderly form of government and a much smaller number of educated persons. Mexico with its railroads and resident Americans is more orderly, and travel lacks danger—at least the kind of danger which is rather more abundant in the Central American States.

We are all more or less familiar with the frontier life of the West, of which Mr. Gaul has had such abundant experience. The picture *Christmas Behind the Breastworks* is not uncommon to-day

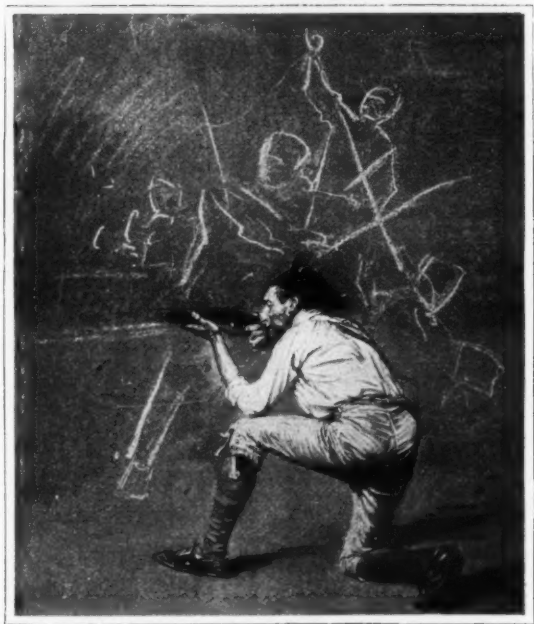


A Desperate Mission

(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)



Christmas Behind the Breastworks
(Painted by Gilbert Gaul)



The Fight at Concord
(Sketch by Gilbert Gaul)

when a Western division of the army is put in motion by some untimely uprising of the reservation tribes, and the soldiers are compelled to abandon possible holiday pleasures at the forts for the urgent duties of the field. *Exchange of Prisoners* tells its own story much better than words could, although one cannot help noting how anxious are the Indians to get back among their own tribesmen. It is a scene that may never be witnessed again, however, so few are the red men

his travels. His have been days of camp life, months of long journeys alone through thinly settled lands. Like Stevenson, he has been a wanderer, but over the American world only, and has learned to value nights in the open, and long forward tramp through late dusk and early dawn.

Any one can feel that it was much better for him to abandon figure painting, such as he did when he began his studies under J. G. Brown, and afterward. He



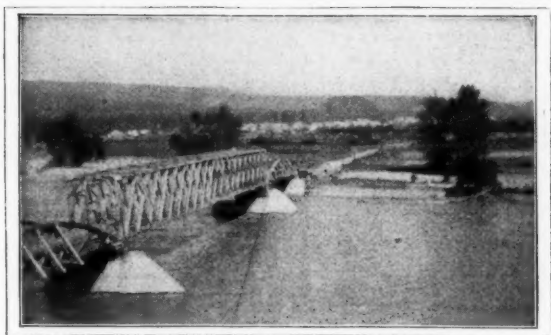
GILBERT GAUL.

to-day, and so complete is the government's military supervision.

The painting, *A Desperate Mission* is another army incident, really drawn from Western experience, but characteristic enough to have taken place in any of our American wars—a scene wherein a young soldier is made to realize how in obeying orders he takes his life in his hands.

Mr. Gaul's fame rests upon the dash and brilliant accuracy with which he puts on canvas the scenes and experiences of

spent eight years under that painter and then for two years applied himself to *genre* subjects, but he wisely tired of that and began to paint imaginary war scenes. The desire to travel seized him and he removed to Tennessee, where he spent four years and painted guerilla warfare scenes, with much cleverness. At the end of that time he came East again, continued his painting of war subjects until 1890, when he took up his western travels again, returning only recently to the metropolis, where he rests at present.



New Bridge near Quesnelle, across Fraser River

THE RUSH TO CARIBOO

BY

FREDERIC R. MARVIN

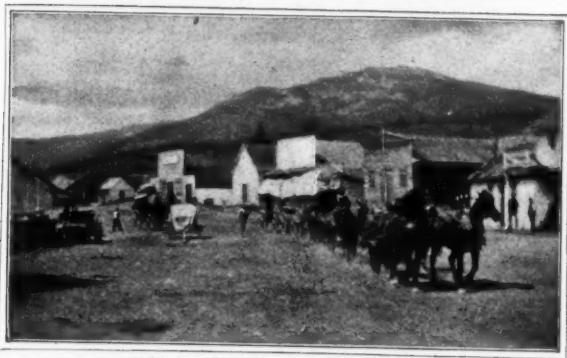
HISTORY repeats itself, but nowhere perhaps more sharply than in the great mining rushes which occur with startling regularity. The whole world, at this time, is talking of the Klondike. Ever since the first news of rich diggings, in the frozen North, less than a year ago, was flashed across the wire, hordes of men—and women, too—have rushed pell-mell, disregarding the experiences of the past, facing death in its many forms in the rapid rivers, the rough mountains and the frigid climate, to be the first on the ground. Chasing the



Old Cariboo Flour Mill—One of the most northern in America



Telegraph Station on the Cariboo Road



A Mining Town in the Cariboo District

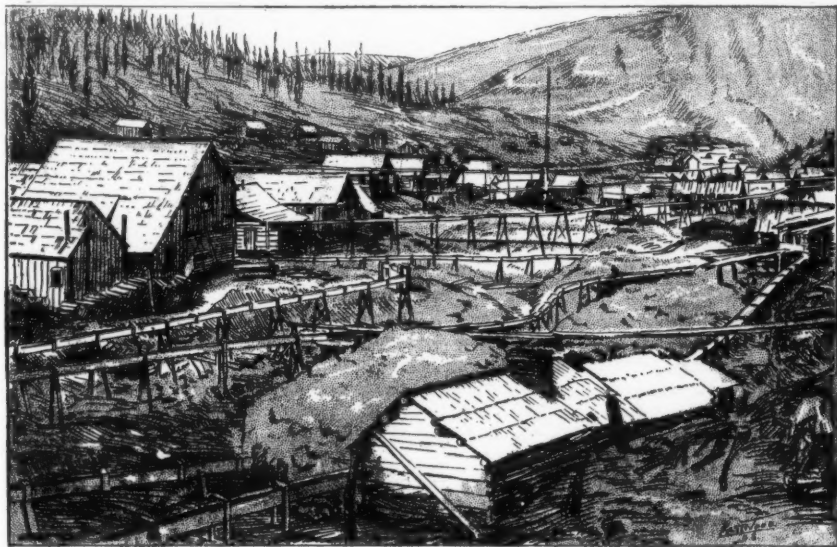


Typical Cabin of a Miner

elusive bag of gold at the end of the rainbow, is more than a craze—it is a disease, and of the most virulent type. Its microbes are as old as the very deposits of gold themselves, though the first notable invasion in this country was after Marshall had discovered gold on Sutter Creek, in California, but since that date the invasions have been numerous and most of them fatal to the majority infected.

Ten years after the first train of immigrants exposed themselves to all the dangers of traveling across an unknown country to satisfy their craving for gold, there

In the fall of 1858 two prospectors came down to Victoria with a large quantity of coarse gold. They were not of the bashful kind. The gold was freely shown, and every one who inquired was informed that it came from extremely rich bars on the Fraser River, that long and majestic stream which drains the greater part of British Columbia. Victoria, a Canadian town, had seen her American rival in California, in a few years, grow into a place of importance. If the tide of immigration could be turned northward why could she not do as well? The two men went to San Francisco. Drop a lighted

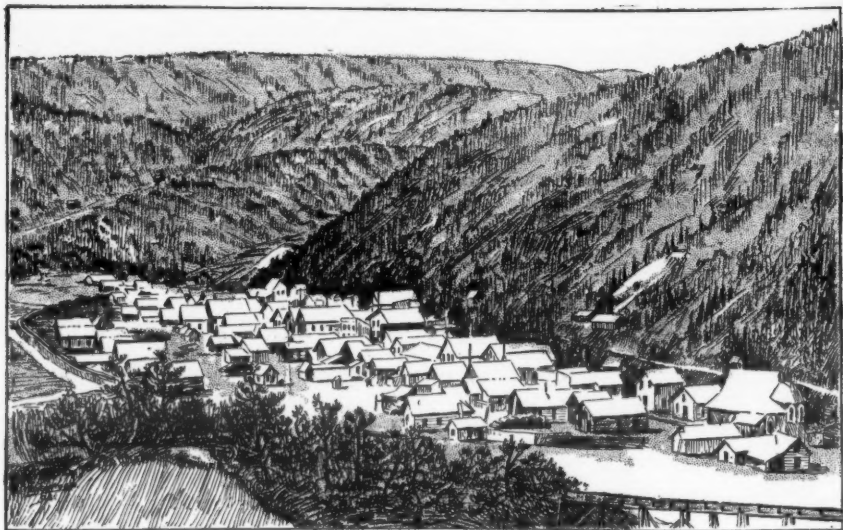


Barkerville, Cariboo in 1862

was another notable rush, the disease broke out afresh, and while the East, on account of the civil strife which was almost certain, did not fall a victim, all the Pacific coast, England and Australia were affected. This attack in history is commonly known as the Rush to Cariboo. In size, compared to the number who knew of these rich diggings, the quantity of gold produced, and the great and large country opened and explored by reason of this ingress of prospectors, this rush must stand out in the history of the Pacific coast, as of more importance to the civilized world than that of Klondike to-day.

match in the dry brush on some mountainside, and you will soon have a terrific forest fire, wide in extent and devastating in result. Show a sack of gold dust to a knot of prospectors, and you are almost sure to precipitate a rush, small or large, in proportion to the distance where was found the gold, from the camp where shown—the farther away always the greater the rush.

At this time placers were on the wane in California, and as yet practically nothing was known of ledge mining. The news of the new find on the Fraser River spread all over the coast with lightning



Barkerville, Cariboo

rapidity. Former flourishing mining towns were suddenly deserted. On every trail leading from the mountains to the towns could be seen a string of prospectors with packs on their back, moving 'Frisco'ward. That thriving city built by the rush to California, was astonished at the sudden change of heart, but profited as best she could. Vessels long since condemned were taken from the ship graveyard, rejuvenated by paint outside and scrubbing brush inside, laden with a cargo of human freight and sailed northward. Some of them could not have survived a squall in the bay, and many that cleared from 'Frisco' never entered at Victoria. A few bones of ardent gold-seekers were washed up on the rocky shores of Oregon, but hundreds of them now lie at the bottom of the ocean. Enough, however, did reach the booming British town to make it wonder at its own importance. Whatcom, in the then Territory of Washington, sprang up as a rival town, and both were taxed to their utmost to supply bacon and beans, mackinaws and blankets to the prospectors anxious to push on to the land of gold.

But little, at that time, was known of the great country along the Fraser River. Outside of the hunters and trappers of the Hudson Bay Company, who had tramped

up and down its many tributaries for years, it was practically unexplored. A cold winter was coming on. The Indians looked with much ill-favor on the rush of "Boston" men; yet had every cliff bristled with Gatling guns, every stream been planted with torpedoes, and every pass guarded with a regiment of soldiers, these ardent gold-seekers would not have been stayed.

No chapter in the history of the Pacific coast can be found so filled to overflow of accounts of hardships, suffering, hair-breadth escapes and tragic deaths, as this one. Let those who are now complaining of the hardships encountered by a trip to Dawson even in mid-winter, but know what the men who finally discovered the great Cariboo passed through, and they will cease longer to complain.

The Fraser River did not produce the expected great quantities of gold. Many, footsore and wounded, returned to Victoria to brand the country as the "Land of Hope Unfulfilled." Others, however, more courageous, pushed farther on, hoping yet to find the richly paying bars. Among these hardy ones were Keithly, McDonald, Rose, Deitz and Cunningham, five venturesome men, the history of whose lives would read like a wonderful romance. Traveling farther and farther

up the Fraser, they finally got into what has since been known as the Cariboo, striking here some exceedingly rich bars. This was in 1859, and by 1862, the great rush to Cariboo was on in all its fury. The name Cariboo was then as well known and popularly as Klondike is to-day, and was even more famed in London than either California or Ballarat, and thither the crowd rushed with renewed vigor.

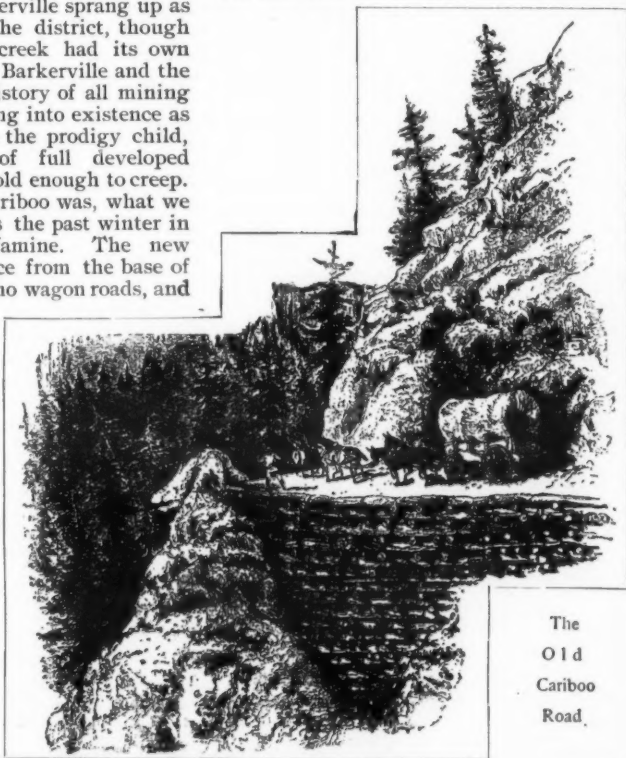
The Cariboo may roughly be described as that stretch of country in British Columbia lying between the Fraser and Thompson Rivers on a ridge of the Rocky Mountains between fifty-two degrees and fifty-four degrees, with an elevation of about five thousand feet. Scarcely more than forty miles to the west is the old Hudson Bay Post, Fort Alexandra, which has stood for years.

The Cariboo was truly a rich and wonderful country, and even old time miners from California pronounced it the most remarkable gold deposit known. The mining town of Barkerville sprang up as the principal one of the district, though each and every little creek had its own town. The history of Barkerville and the others are but the history of all mining camps. They all sprang into existence as if by magic, and, like the prodigy child, showed indications of full developed cities ere they seemed old enough to creep. The first winter in Cariboo was, what we are led to suppose was the past winter in Klondike, nearly a famine. The new camp was some distance from the base of supplies. There were no wagon roads, and the trails were rough and hard to travel. Many supply trains turned back, and others consumed all the supplies on the trip, but though half rations was the order of the day, spring came early and the world continued to pour her horde of gold-seekers into the far-famed camp.

Early recognizing the importance of this discovery to British Columbia, the government spent a large sum

in the building of wagon roads, and the road which runs from Ashcroft to Barkerville to-day is one of the best on the continent. Over it during the boom days of Cariboo a pack train of camels was used to carry supplies to the camps of that district.

Some of the mines here were extremely rich. The Cameron and Aurora claims the first year produced a clean million each, while any number credited half that amount as the year's clean-up. On the Van Winkle claim fifteen hundred ounces of gold was washed out in a week. The Burn's Tunnel produced a thousand and forty-four ounces in a day. The phenomenal gold deposit can best be understood when it is recalled that within a distance of two and a half miles on Williams' Creek over twenty-five million dollars of gold has been taken out. So important was the discovery regarded in England that the leading papers sent over special correspondents, who stayed at Victoria, but sent back the most remarkable stories



The
Old
Cariboo
Road.

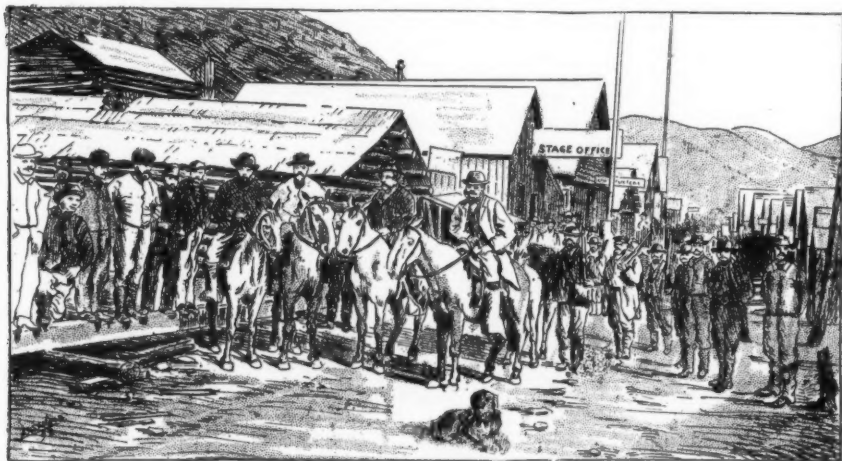
of the richness of the country, much the same as the many "special correspondents" who are lying around Skaguay and Dyce are doing of the Klondike. Donald Fraser, a reporter of the *London Times*, wrote the most glowing letters to his paper of the Cariboo, and thousands of men in England, New Zealand and Australia sacrificed their all to come to the land where fortunes were to be made in a day. The late comers found nothing to fulfill the roseate pictures of the correspondents.

In five years Cariboo was on the wane. The rich deposits had been washed out. Men commenced to drift in other directions. Some went north and discovered the placers of the Omenica and the Cassiar. Others floated south and gold was discovered in the creeks and streams of the Kootenai, now famed the world over for its rich ledges. Others going farther west found gold on the Similkameen, while still others, disappointed in Fraser River, prospected into Central Idaho, and the wonderful camps of Florence and Pierce City were discovered.

While the output of gold from Cariboo is probably the largest of any district of the same area the world has ever known, and some of the pockets the richest, its importance to the world was not alone the gold it produced, but rather the fact that by reason of the rush of prospectors and hardy men to the northwest, the great

resources of that country were made known to the world, and they formed the nucleus for the rapid development that has been going on ever since. It attracted the attention of the world to the fact that California was not the only land of gold, and ere ten years had passed after the rush to Cariboo many other rich placer diggings had been discovered, among the most important being those of Central Idaho and Western Montana. The latter caused the founding of Bannock, Virginia City and Butte, since known the world over as typical mining camps, and whose histories, if truly written, would exhibit most strange phases of the human comedy.

To tell the full story of the wonderful Cariboo would take volumes, and yet but few volumes have been devoted to it. During its most promising days a little paper, the *Cariboo Sentinel*, was printed in that "far from the rest of the world" camp. A few complete sets are yet to be found, and in the small but well edited pages of that little journal are found true pictures of the many sides of mining camp life—pathos and humor, charity and deceit, love and hatred. Here is virgin soil for the historian and the novelist, and if we would read the history of Klondike made, and being made—its history that is to be—we have but to read this little paper and look back to the once great mining camp of Cariboo, and the world's noted rush thither.



Cariboo Gold Escort in 1862

CUBA 1898

BY

HAROLD R. VYNNE

Land of languor and of beauty, where the tawny sunset blending
In a blaze of gold and scarlet from the hillside to the sea—
Where the rose-scent softly lingers and the drowsy palms are bending
In a reverent obeisance ere the day shall cease to be:—

Land of music and of moonlight, where the gorgeous flowers are gleaming
In chaotic chords of color in the palace gardens fair,
And the fountains sing and tinkle in the wonder of your dreaming,
And the birds of brilliant plumage flash and flame upon the air:—

Land of legend and of story, with your sultriness and splendor,
And your skies of purest sapphire so ethereally blue;
All the universe has wakened to a vast compassion tender,
And the sons of men stand breathless, for the world is watching you.

In the majesty of morning, when the sunshine spreads and glistens
In a myriad shining spangles on the forest and the sward,
Rings the war-cry of your legions; and the poltroon Spaniard listens,
And he trembles in an ague at the slogan of the sword.

In the marshes and morasses, where the cobra coils and hisses,
And your heroes who have fallen in the fight serenely lie;
All their sleeping is the sweeter for the tender breeze's kisses—
And the buzzard sails and circles like a sentinel on high.

Cuba!—Paradise of beauty!—Hell of tyrant's cold devising!—
Made a shambles and a charnel-house thro' twice a hundred years!
I can hear the utter anguish of a million mothers rising
In a wilderness of weeping—in a hurricane of tears!

Stand to arms, you men of valor! For the conflict's almost over,
And the waking world stands panting to acclaim a people free;
For the fetters fall and crumble, and the Spaniard skulks to cover,
As the bells clang out a tocsin from the mountains to the sea.

And your land shall live in loveliness! The hillside and the river,
And the flowers that bloom and burgeon shall proclaim the glad release;
And your name shall stand untarnished on the Scroll of Fame forever;
You have fought and bled for glory—you shall know the bliss of peace.

THE SWASHBUCKLER'S SAINT ELSIE*

BY

THEODORE ROBERTS

JUST when the little world that knew of me began to preface my name with the word "Swashbuckler," I do not remember for a certainty. Perhaps it was when I first came up to London, full of bitterness against my father, and fought with the cornet who kicked the beggar. That happened in front of old Wentzel's Tavern, around the corner from my chambers in Paternoster Row. I was sorry about it afterward when I looked at the cornet lying on the pavement, for the beggar was hardly worth a brawl between gentlemen. It gave me a bad name and I became indifferent. But before that, at home, they had slurred my honor without cause. I was sometimes cast down in spirits to think I had such

a devil of a temper, but I did not try to mend it.

One morning, about nine of the clock, I was disturbed from a heavy and much needed sleep by some one pounding on my door. My head ached and this cavalier manner of asking admittance roused my anger.

I bellowed, "Come in, you fool!"

The door opened, and a gentleman, clad in the height of court fashion, entered my untidy bed-chamber.

Though taken somewhat aback, I managed to frown at him, that he would not think me a man to be treated lightly, because of my beardless face.

He smiled blandly and doffed his hat.

"A fine morning to you, Master Ben-tenbolt," said he.

"I wish you the same, sir," said I, unbending mightily.

He seated himself near the window and drew off his gloves.

"I trust, sir, that I do not find you indisposed," he said with some concern.

I could but smile at this, and tell him that little ailed me save late hours and too much punch. He softly rubbed

the guard of his rapier with the end of his sash, while I eyed him in quiet curiosity. Suddenly he raised his head



"You are over-reckless," he snarled

sharply and for the first time I noticed the power of his eyes. I thought of my cut-and-thrust sword, they blazed so keen.

"You are a fencer of note, and something of a brawler for one so young," said he.

His words and the tone of his voice rang through me like clash of blades.

"You have forgotten my temper," I answered, throwing one foot to the floor.

"Tut, tut," he cried, smiling, "you will but slay a good friend if you slay me."

"What is your business with me, and what the devil is your name?"

"Softly, softly. My business is much to a brave man's tastes, and my name is Arthur Decompsay."

"Hah," said I. "High in favor and low in honor."

He sprang from his seat.

"You are over-reckless," he snarled.

"As much as it pleases me to be, my lord," I answered coolly.

For a few seconds we eyed each other in silence. Then he said:

"You're the man for my work, Bentenbolt."

"An' it pleases me to do it," said I, "otherwise, to the devil with your work!"

I had heard of the man before, and I knew what I was playing with.

He paced the room for a while, tramping over my scattered garments with little concern for their welfare. He was evidently struggling with a knotty problem, so I waited quietly and listened to the noise in the street.

At last he paused beside my bed and laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Will you meet me behind the 'Blue Crown' at midnight, armed and mounted on your best horse? It is a small matter and a big reward."

"Danger?" queried I.

"Enough to hold your interest," said he, "and for the rest of it—a good clean venture."

"I am with you to the hilt until it be over, but as to mounting—why, I had to sell my good horse yesterday."

He drew a few pieces of gold from his



Next I sought out the man to whom I had sold Spitfire

purse and a handful of silver from his sash and placed them on the table.

"Now," said he, moving toward the door, "will you swear to be there?"

"On the honor of a gentleman," I answered.

He turned toward me and raised his eyebrows. Then he went out, and swiftly down the stairs to the street.

I did not like his parting glance. It seemed to question my right to swear by the honor of a gentleman.

I dressed carefully, paying more attention to my boots and sword belt than usual, and then strutted out—my pocket heavy with my newly acquired money. First I went to a coffee-house down by the bridge and there made a tolerable meal. Next I sought out the man to whom I had sold Spitfire, my grey gelding, and bought him back at little more than the price I had received for him. Once more in the saddle I felt like a Bentenbolt again—like the old Bentenbolts who had never been named in the same breath with dishonor; and I rode with my boyish face set proudly against the world. Then the thought of Decompsay

say came to me—of that knavish lord and our midnight adventure, and I blushed.

"But a man must live," said I. "The doctor by his lancet, the gentleman by his sword—both by the letting of blood. The little lancet clears the blood of the overfed merchant, the sword opens the veins of the nation and so averts gigantic fevers."

I took Spitfire to a place where I knew he would be well cared for, and returned on foot to my lodgings to pay the landlord part of what I owed him. He was a merry fellow—something of a fireside philosopher—and held me for a while in conversation, though I wanted to get away and buy a brace of pistols, having sold my old ones in the time of my hard luck.

"Hie, Master," he said, upon my handing him a roll of silver coins, "it is a winsome sight to see you with money again. Mayhap you have come to your estate, or fallen heir to some great lord, as so fine a young gentleman should."

"No, it is but a small sum I have come to, my good fellow, but, God willing, we will see brighter times before the summer flies."

"Ah, a little venture, mayhap," he whispered. "Something for a brave young man of quality to put his sword to."

"Why, no," said I, "nothing but a gambling score paid up by a friend of mine in the country, and I have promised to ride out and visit him for a day or two."

The little man rubbed his hands on his knees and cocked his eye at me.

"Belike it was your friend who came to see you this morning, Master Bentenbolt," he chuckled.

"Like enough," I answered, "and maybe not; whichever way, none of your business, my good friend."

"I meant nothing," he said hurriedly, and hobbled away.

"The face of the man is known to every rascal and pot-house keeper in London," I muttered; "I see my neck in the rope, and this devil's plans to thank for it."

I went after mine host and asked him if he knew the gentleman who had called.

"Why, yes," he said, "as far as any man may know him."

"You mean," said I, "as far as it is good for any man to know him."

The old man nodded his head.

"Mind that you heed your heart to-night, my master," he cried, "and not the devil of ambition."

When I left him to purchase the pistols I was still wondering over his crazy words.

Midnight found me in the narrow alley behind the 'Blue Crown,' mounted and armed. The butts of my new pistols gleamed from my holsters. Spitfire pawed impatiently and mumbled his bit. I did not have to wait long, however, before Decompsay rode slowly in beside me.

"We will go out," said he, "and jog softly north, and perhaps something will happen."

"Anything," I answered, shortly, and so we rode out of the city, knee to knee.

It was now the fall of the year, a cold and uncomfortable season. A chill wind blew across the heath over which we guided our horses. We skirted the highway.

"I think I see the venture," said I.

"I hardly think you do," said he.

Clouds scudded across the sullen sky, wiping out every star. Presently we reached a little hill, well wooded, overlooking a curve in the road.

"We will sit our saddles here for a while, comrade," said his lordship, in a pleasant voice. We drew up and I heard him fingering his pistols.

"Bar," I whispered, "a common hold-up! Is this what you have dragged me out to help you in?"

"Nay, my dear Bentenbolt, this little episode will be flavored with romance," he replied. "To-night we will be the rescuers—the good, brave men sent by God to protect the helpless."

"Ah, more like by the devil," I answered; but I laughed softly, for the idea pleased me.

There was just the glimmer of dawn, when we heard the rumbling of a coach. On it came, nearing us with wonderful speed.

"They drive hard," I muttered.

He looked at me kindly, even put his hand on my knee.

"Sir," he whispered, "I am a bad man and a clever one, but I swear to God that all I hold dear and think worth living for sits in that coach."

"I am with you to the death, then, for now I have some love for you. But how do you know they are in danger?" I asked.

"Boy," he answered, "I, too, make the danger. I play both parts of the farce. I laugh and I weep—I threaten and I save—but it is not all play-acting."

The coach thundered nearer and a pistol shot rang out, followed by a man's voice raised like the bellowing of a bull. We dashed down on the disturbance. Spitfire took the ditch with a hunting leap, two lengths ahead of my companion's white mare. I saw, dimly, a fellow at the heads of the plunging coach horses. I charged at him but he fired and sprang aside. I heard Decompsay's mare go down with a crash. But my mind was set on saving the coach, and it will not grasp two things at once. I cut down the man who fired, and winged another who fought at the half open door. Then I tried to quiet the terrified beasts, and at last succeeded. I could see the limp body of the driver hanging down from the box, but no sound came from the interior of the vehicle. When the horses ceased their wild rearing I dismounted and pulled Decompsay from under his dead horse. He groaned dismally. "They were not the fellows I expected," he said.

Taking him bodily into my arms I carried him toward the door of the coach, wondering the while at his words. Had he planned an attack?

"We have beaten the robbers off and my friend is wounded. Let us in," I cried.

The man in my arms opened his eyes and smiled. "Careful, careful," he said. "Do not take me too soon into your heart, nor trust me far. I make a poor friend, but, if needs be, a true lover."

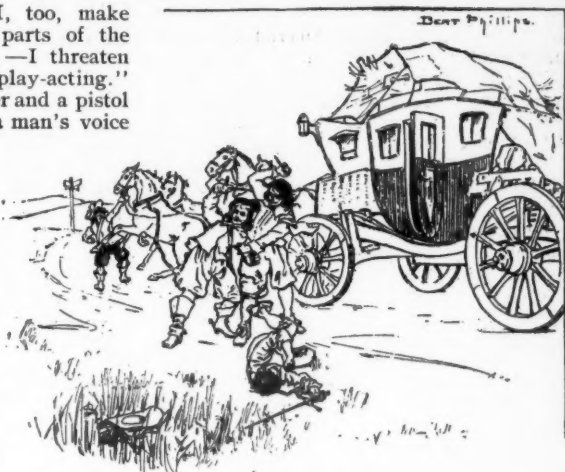
"'Twas but a manner of speech," I grunted, and still holding him, and receiving no response from the coach, I kicked in the door.

A frightened, wrinkled face gleamed before us in the dusk.

"Let us in, sir," I shouted, being in no gentle mood.

The face lost some of its terror. A thin voice queried, "Are we saved? Thank God!"

I lifted Lord Decompsay through the broken door and laid him down on the



The attack on the coach

floor of the coach. It was then I saw a lady crouched in the corner. I doffed my hat, and her eyes—why, even then they lighted me as deep as the soul. The old gentleman looked into the face of the injured man.

"It is Decompsay," he cried, and straightway stared at the lady in a sort of horror.

"Now, sir, if you will mount the box and drive I will ride into London with you as escort," I said, shaking his elbow.

"If I must," said he, and drawing a huge fur mantle about his narrow shoulders, he stepped into the road. We closed the broken door as well as possible, leaving the lady to tend Decompsay.

When the old man climbed to the box I heard him gasp, and then the body of the dead driver came crashing to the ground. I mounted Spitfire, and away we started.

Dawn was not full upon us, and the fog somewhat cleared. Once, while winding up a hill, the ancient courtier—for such I could see him to be, called and asked my name.

"Bentenbolt!" said I.

"Ho, ho," quoth he, "that is something of a name, and has buzzed in my ears before."

"Very likely," I answered, remembering many things in a second—things not to my credit.

As we jogged along I turned events

over and considered them closely. Here was the cleverest, blackest man in England loving a girl with fine eyes and saving her from robbery and bodily harm. His strange words still rang in my head. This old man was evidently her father. Who the devil could they be?

Just then my eyes rested on the panel of the door where a coat-of-arms glowed gold, red and white.

"Great Heavens!" I ejaculated, seeing the proudest bearing of the kingdom there. Then Decompsay's ambitious game flashed clear, and I saw again the woman's eyes.

"It is against my principles," I muttered, "otherwise I would not trouble him." I put my hand to the twisted guard of my sword, and whistled the air of a drinking song.

The Duke of — frowned down at me from the box of his coach.

Returning to my chambers in Pater-noster Row, I tried to forget the high-born lady and Lord Decompsay, and the clever riddle I had read, by entertaining my friends with the money Decompsay had honorably paid to me. I even vowed

to keep my head clear of the muddle, in spite of the assertion I had made while riding into London beside the coach. "Let them play out their own game," I cried, and dulled my brain with wine.

At this time I think I was at my lowest notch; dicing day and night with broken gentlemen, old in years and vice, recking not how the world went so long as the wine lasted—and the gold. Sometimes, while lying awake at dawn, with the spilled cards and dripping wine, and all the dreary shadows of the departed gaiety about me, the vision of a girl's eyes would touch my better nature to tears.

Early one evening, about two weeks after the adventure on the highway, I was accosted by a tall fellow in livery, while moving aimlessly toward home.

"Your pardon, sir," said he, "but I have a note for you."

I opened the dainty, folded paper with trembling fingers. The man stood near, waiting for me to read it. Only a few words and no name signed, but how they rang through me, awaking my manhood.

"I will come with you," I said, whereat we strode off together.

It matters little how long we walked or what my thoughts were. I manifested no surprise when my guide led the way through a door in a garden wall, at the back of a great house near Whitehall.

My face did not change when I stood in a dimly lighted chamber, alone with the lady of the coach. But I bowed to the carpet—hand on heart.

"I knew you would come, Master Benten-bolt," she said.

For answer I raised her hand to my lips.

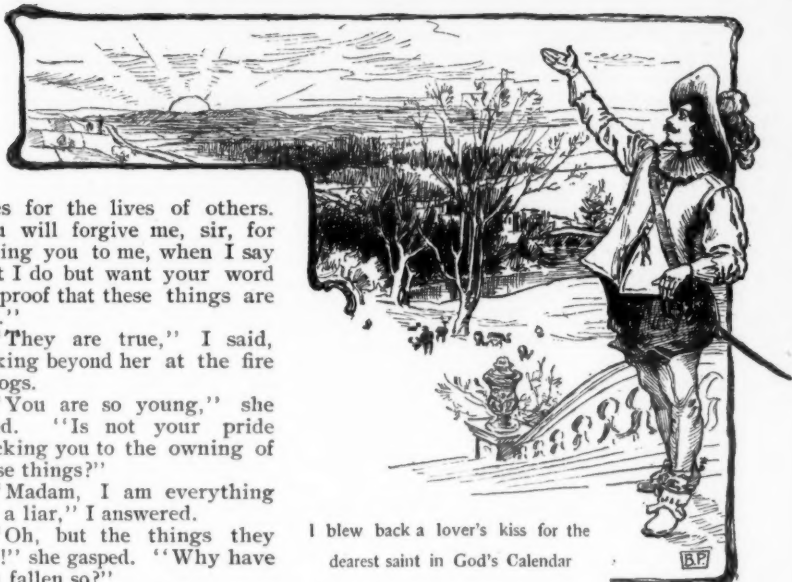
"I have heard much of you since that night you so bravely saved our lives."

I shivered, guessing what she had heard.

"But, sir, I did not believe. I do not measure souls with the yardstick the court holds out to me. Neither do I sit in judgment over men who are so willing to risk their own



The prayers of Saint Elsie were with me



lives for the lives of others. You will forgive me, sir, for calling you to me, when I say that I do but want your word for proof that these things are lies."

"They are true," I said, looking beyond her at the fire of logs.

"You are so young," she cried. "Is not your pride pricking you to the owning of these things?"

"Madam, I am everything but a liar," I answered.

"Oh, but the things they tell!" she gasped. "Why have you fallen so?"

"God knows, madam," I said, huskily. "Perhaps because I was beaten from my father's house for another's sin."

A new, soft light flooded her eyes. She touched my arm.

"You have suffered, and have been misjudged?"

Her eyes questioned mine.

I did not answer her. The blazing logs on the hearth held me spellbound. The fire-dogs—they were the very copies of the ones in my old home. A strange, sweet calm stole over me—the influence of her hand on my arm. A faggot broke and threw up a shower of sparks. I brought my eyes back to hers.

"Who are you, madam, to trouble so over a fool?" I whispered.

"Elsie de Gostwycke, the Duke's ward, whom you drew sword for," she answered softly.

"Little Saint Elsie," I said. "God knows I am unfit to stand here so near your sweet heart. But if I appear something worth kindness in your eyes, it matters little to me what God knows. He has watched me struggle against the world, falling from brawling to blood-letting, and has made no sign. But you, Saint Elsie, have without unkindness, turned my eyes in on my own life. Do

I blew back a lover's kiss for the
dearest saint in God's Calendar

not quite forget me. Know that only at your bidding will my sword taste blood after to-day."

I turned to go, but she recalled me.

"Tell me of your old life, before the trouble—of your mother and your ambitions," she said.

"There is nothing," I answered, "un-colored by the present bitterness. Even my mother believed the thing, and my temper would not let my lips deny it to her. Since then they have found the real sinner."

"And you have not gone home?" she said.

"No, by this time I have fallen beyond their wildest hopes," I replied coldly.

She turned her face away and trembled.

"Better everlasting damnation than to cringe home now, begging forgiveness for present faults, because of an old misunderstanding," I continued. "But I tire you, madam, and disgust your tender ears with my guilt unredeemed by any romance. Had I a tale of love, perhaps it would interest you."

The lady started.

"Have you never loved—or known high ambitions?" she whispered, still with averted face.

I laughed harshly. "I was once a

writer of songs," I replied, "and it was my ambition to become a great poet and to see the eyes about which I rhymed—and the eyes were like yours. But I was a child then—in Devon."

At that moment a curtain parted, and Decompsay entered the room. His face whitened with rage. Lady de Gostwycke paled with fear. I returned his hateful look with a glance of indifference.

"What are you doing here, you pot-house brawler?" he thundered. I never saw a man so devilishly enraged before.

My hand dropped to my hilt, but remembering my vow I removed it.

"I may ask you the same question," said I.

This cooled his spleen a little and he raised his brows.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "did you not know that this lady has honored me so far that I am, even now, picturing the day of our marriage?"

I heard Saint Elsie sob.

"I know one thing," I answered, "and that happens to be the foul game you are playing. I remember your words; I see through it all, by Heaven—the way you got them under your obligations and hoodwinked the old Duke. You are too black for hell. I only wonder you bungled the highway business so badly."

The man sprang toward me with naked blade.

"Draw!"

I folded my arms.

"Draw, or I slay you like a dog."

"I may not do it," said I.

"Draw!" cried Saint Elsie, and fled from the chamber.

In a second our rapiers rang together. Though my blood sang with joy at knowledge of the whereabouts of my Saint's heart, I fought with my usual care.

"Wine has dulled your eye," said Decompsay.

"Low living has spoiled your old snap of the wrist," said I.

"What is left will suffice," he answered, lunging.

In a little while I pricked his knee.

"Dogs bite low," said he.

"Then I will guard my ankles," I retorted.

"No need," he cried, and I felt the hot ache in my shoulder. But the prayers of Saint Elsie were with me and the strength of her heart in my arm. Presently Decompsay lay sprawling on the carpet. I threw my sword down, and turning to the wall, hid my face in my arms. And not for the first time in my short fierce life, I sobbed like a child.

Then came a rush of feet through the house and a mob of the King's soldiers burst into the room.

"By Saint Denis," cried one, "this gentleman has done our work for us," and he bent over Decompsay's stiffened body.

"I am your prisoner," I said quietly.

Their captain laughed.

"Why, master Bentenbolt," said he, "you have killed the man who, but this morning, murdered Lord Wells in his bed, and for the last ten years has been playing the devil with London."

"You find him late," said I.

"Yea, many a poor knave has swung for his crimes," he answered.

I went in softly, holding my scabbard that it might not clash, and found the old Duke in his armchair. There were tears in his eyes when he took my hand.

"I ask your pardon," he said, "for having doubted you."

"It was natural that you should doubt me, I have doubted myself for so long," I answered.

Then I left him and with one servant started on my long ride toward home. One evening, weary of the saddle, we rode through the gates of the park. The stone lions with their mighty shields spread down at me in wonder. The oaks whispered together. When I saw the old house before me, with its wide wings spread, and its windows glowing, I broke into a song.

I dismounted, and at the top of the step, before going in to the welcome that awaited me—I blew a kiss back toward London—yea, a lover's kiss, for the dearest saint in God's Calendar.

TOM QUARITCH'S SISTER*

BY

STANLEY J. WEYMAN

(Continued from May issue)

SECOND PART

THE ominous little circle that hunting men know so well soon gathered round him, and he was helped to his feet, or rather foot. Then Agnes fetched the carriage, and he was driven back to Blore. Now, under the circumstances, what could Mrs. Quaritch, without an *arrière pensée* in the world, do but press him to stay until at least he could put the foot to the ground? Nothing. And what could he do but consent? At any rate, that is what he did.

So he was established in the drawing-room, a pretty, cozy room, and told himself it was a terrible nuisance. But, for a cripple confined to a couple of rooms, and surrounded by uncongenial people, without a single new magazine or a word of the world's gossip, he kept up his spirits wonderfully well. The ways of the three girls, and the calm approval of their sedate mother, could not fail to amuse him. Lying there and seeing and hearing many things which would not have come to his knowledge as a mere visitor, he found them not quite what he had judged them to be. He missed Joan one morning, and when with an unconscious fretfulness he inquired the reason, learned that she had been sitting up through the night with an old servant who was ill in the village. He said some word about it to her—very diffidently, for she took his compliments but ill at all times; now she flamed out at him with twice her ordinary bitterness and disdain, and punished him by taking herself out of the room at once.

"Confound it!" he cried, beating up his pillow fiercely, "I believe the girl hates me."

Did he? and did she?

Then he fell into a fit of musing such as men approaching thirty, who have lived in London, are very apt to indulge in. A club was not everything, be it as good as it might be. And life was not a lounge in Bond street and Pall Mall, and

nothing more. He thought how a dull week spent on his sofa in the Adelphi would have been, even with the newest magazines and the fifth and special *Globes*. In three days was his birthday—his twenty-ninth. And did the girl really hate him? It was a nice name, Joan; Dubs, umph! Dubs? Joan? And so he fell asleep.

How long he slept and whether he carried something of his dreams into his waking he could only guess, but he was aroused by a singular sensation—singular in that, though once familiar enough, it was now as strange to him as the sight of his dead mother's face. If his half-recalled senses did not deceive him, if he was not still dreaming of Joan, the warm touch of a pair of soft lips was yet lingering upon his forehead, the rustle of a dress very near his ear yet sounded crisply in it. And then some one glided from him, and he heard a hasty exclamation and opened his eyes dreamily. By the screen which concealed the door and sheltered him from its draughts was standing Joan, a-tiptoe, poised as in expectation, something between flight and amusement in her face, her attitude full of unconscious grace. He was still bewildered, and hardly returned from a dreamland even less conventional than Blore. Without as much surprise as if he had thought the matter out—it seemed then almost a natural thing—he said:

"You shall have the gloves, Dubs, with pleasure."

The girl's expression, as he spoke, changed to startled astonishment. She became crimson from her hair to her throat. She stepped toward him, checked herself, then made a quick movement with her hand as if about to say something, and finally covered her face with her hands and fled from the room. Before he was wide awake he was alone.

At first he smiled pleasantly at the fire, and patted Roy, Joan's terrier, who was lying beside him, curled up snugly in an angle of the sofa. Afterward he became

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He opened his eyes dreamily

grave and thoughtful, and finally shook his head very much as he had at the stuffed fox in the hall. And so he fidgeted till Roy, who was in a restful mood, retired to the hearthrug.

It would be hard to describe Joan's feelings that afternoon. She was proud, and had begun by resenting for all of them the ill-concealed contempt of Tom's London friend—this man of clubs and chit-chat. She was quite prepared to grant that he was different from them, but not superior. A kind of contempt for the veneer and polish which were his pride was natural to her, and she showed this, not rudely nor coquettishly, but with a hearty sincerity. Still, it is seldom a girl is unaware of admiration, and rare that she does not in secret respect self-assertion in the male creature. This man knew much, too, and could tell it well, that was strange and new and delightful to

the country maiden. If he had any heart at all—and since he was from London town she supposed he had not, though she granted him eyes and fine perceptions of the beautiful—she might have, almost, some day, promised herself to like him, had he been of her world—not reflecting that this very fact that he was out of her world formed the charm by which he evoked her interest. As things were, she more than doubted of his heart, and had no doubt at all that between their worlds lay a great, impassable, unbridgeable abyss.

But this afternoon the dislike, which had been fading day by day along with those feelings in another which had caused it, was revived in its old strength upon the matter of the kiss. Alone in her own room the thought made her turn crimson with vexation, and she stamped the floor with annoyance. He had made

certain overtures to her—slender and meaningless in all probability. Still, if he could believe her capable after such looks and words as he had used—if after these he thought her capable of this, then indeed, were there no abyss at all, he could be nothing to her. Oh, it was too bad, too intolerable! She would never forgive him. How indeed could she be anything to him, if she could do such a thing, as dreadful, as unmaidenly to her as to the proudest beauty among his London friends. She told herself again that he was insufferable; and determined to slap Roy well, upon the first opportunity, if that mistaken little pearl of price would persist in favoring the stranger's sofa.

Until this was cleared up she felt her position the very worst in the world, and yet would not for a fortune give him an opportunity of freeing her from it. The very fact that he addressed her with, as it seemed, a greater show of respect, chafed her. Agnes, with a precocious cleverness, a penetration quite her own, kept herself and her dog, Jack o' Pack, *alias* Johnny Sprawn, out of her sister's way, and teased her only before company.

But at last Maitland caught Miss Joan unprotected.

"I hope that these are the right size, Miss Joan—they are six and a quarter," he said, boldly, yet with, for a person of his disposition and breeding, a strange amount of shame facedness; producing at the same time a pair of gloves, Courvoisier's best, many-buttoned, fit for a goddess.

"I beg your pardon?" she said, breathing quickly.

But she guessed what he meant.

"Let me get out of your debt."

"Out of my debt, Mr. Maitland?" taking the gloves mechanically.

"Please. Did you think I had forgotten? I should find it hard to do that," he continued, encouraged and relieved by having got rid of the gloves, and inattentive at the moment to her face. Yet she looked long at him searchingly.

"I have found it hard to understand you," she said

at last, with repressed anger in voice and eye; "very hard, Mr. Maitland; but I think I do so now. Do you believe that it was I who kissed you when you were asleep on Wednesday afternoon. Can you think so? You force me to presume it is so. Your estimate of my modesty and of your own desserts must differ considerably. I had not the honor. Your gloves"—and she dropped them upon the floor as if the touch contaminated her, the act humiliating the young gentleman at least as much as her words—"you had better give to Agnes, if you wish to observe a silly custom. They are due to her, not to me. I thank you, Mr. Maitland, for having compelled me to give this pleasant explanation."

She turned away with a gesture of such queenly contempt that our poor hero—now most unheroic, and dumb as Carlyle would have had his, only with mortification and intense disgust at his stupidity—amazed that he could ever have thought meanly of this girl, "who moved most certainly a goddess," had not a word to express his sorrow. A hero utterly crestfallen! But at the door she looked back, for some strange reason known perchance



It was Roy's day

to female readers. The gloves were on the floor, just beyond his reach—poor, forlorn, sprawling objects, their fingers and palms spread as in ridiculous appeal. As for him, he was lying back on the sofa, in appearance so crushed and helpless that the woman's pity ever near her eyes moved her. She went slowly back, and picked up the gloves, and put them on the table where he could take them.

"Miss Joan," he said, in a tone of persistence that claimed a hearing, and, starting far from the immediate trouble, was apt to arouse curiosity; "we are always, as Agnes says, jangling—on my side, of course, is the false note. Can we not accord better, and be better friends?"

"Not until we learn to know one another better," she said, coldly, looking down at him, "or become more discerning judges."

"I was a fool, an idiot, an imbecile!" She nodded gravely, still regarding him from a great height. "I was mad to believe it possible!"

"I think we may be better friends," she responded, smiling faintly, yet with sudden good humor. "We are beginning to know—one another."

"And ourselves," almost under his breath. Then, "Miss Joan, will you ever forgive me? I shall never err again in that direction," he pleaded. "I am humiliated in my own eyes until you tell me it is forgotten."

She nodded, and this time with her own frank smile.

Then she turned away and did leave the room, this time taking Roy with her. Her joyous laughter and his wild, excited barking proclaimed through the length and breadth of Blore that he was enjoying the rare indulgence of a good romp on the back lawn. It was Roy's day.

And can a dog ever hope for a better day than that upon which his mistress becomes aware that she is also another's mistress: becomes aware that another is thinking of her and for her, nay, that she is the very centre of that other's thoughts? What a charming, pleasantly bewildering discovery it is, this learning that for him when she is in the room it is full, and wanting her it is empty, be it never so crowded; that all beside, though they be witty or famous, or what they will, or can or would, are but lay figures, *umbrae*, shadow guests in his estima-

tion. She learns with strange thrills, that in moments of meditation will flash to eye and cheek, that her slightest glance and every change of color, every tone and smile, are marked with jealous care; that pleasure which she does not share is tasteless, and a dinner of herbs, if she be but at a far corner, is a feast for princes. That is her dog's day, or it may be his dog's day. It is a pleasant discovery for a man, *mutatis mutandis*; but for a girl, a sweet, half fearful consciousness the brightest part of love's young dream—even when the kindred soul is of another world and an abyss wide impassable unbridgeable lies between.

But these things come to sudden ends sometimes. Sprains however severe have an awkward knack of getting well. Swellings subside from inanition, and doctors insist for their credit's sake that the stick or ready arm be relinquished. Certainly a respite or a relapse—call it which you will—is not impossible with care, but it is brief. A singular shooting pain, not easily located with exactness, but somewhere in the neighborhood of the calf, has been found useful; and a strange rigidity of the tendon Achilles in certain positions may gain a day or two. But at last not even these will avail, and the doubly injured one must out and away from among the rose leaves. Twice Maitland fixed his departure for the following morning, and each time when pressed to stay gave way, after so feeble, so ludicrous a resistance, if it deserved the name, that Agnes scarcely concealed her grimace, and Joan looked another way. She did not add anything to the other's hospitable entreaties. If she guessed what made Maggie's good-night kiss so fervent and clinging, she made no sign and offered no opening.

In the garden next morning, Maitland taxed her with her neutrality. It was wonderful how his sense of humor had become developed at Blore.

"I thought that you did not need so much pressure as to necessitate more than four people's powers of persuasion being used," she answered, in the same playful spirit. "And besides, now you are well enough, must you not leave?"

"Indeed, Miss Joan?"

"And go back to your own way of life? It is a month since you saw the latest telegrams, and there is a French company at the Gaiety, I learn from the

Standard. We have interests and duties, though you were so hard of belief about them, at Blore, but you have none."

"No interests?"

She shook her head.

"No duties, at any rate."

"And so you think," he asked, his eyes fixed upon her changing features, "that I should go back to my old way of life—of a century ago?"

"Of course you must!"

But she was not so rude as to tell him what a very foolish question this was. Still it was, was it not?

"So I will, or to something like it, and yet very unlike. But not alone. Joan, will you come with me? If I have known you but a month, I have learned to love your truth and goodness and you, Joan, so that if I go away alone, to return to the old life would be bitterly impossible. You have spoiled that; you must make for me a fresh life in its place. Do you remember you told me that when we knew one another we might be better friends? I have come to know you better, but we cannot be friends. We must be something more, more even than lovers, Joan—husband and wife, if you can like me enough."

It was not an unmanly way of putting it, and he was in earnest. But so quiet, so self-restrained was his manner that it savored of coldness. The girl whose hand he held while he spoke had no such thought. Her face was turned from him. She was gazing over the wall across the paddock where Maggie's mare was peaceably and audibly feeding, and so at the Blore Ash on its mimic hill, every bough and drooping branchlet dark against the sunset sky; and this radiant in her eyes with a beauty its deepest glow had never held for her before. The sweetest joy was in her heart, and grief in her face. He had been worthy of himself and her love. While he spoke she told herself, not that some time she might love him, but that she had given him all her true heart



Endeavoring to draw from her fair lowcast face some gleam of hope

already. And yet as he was worthy, so she must be worthy and do her part.

"You have done me a great honor," she said at last, drawing away her hand from his grasp, though she did not turn her face, "but it cannot be, Mr. Maitland. I am very grateful to you—I am, indeed, and sorry."

"Why can it not be?" he said, shortly; startled, I am bound to say, and mortified.

"Because of—of many things. One is that I should not make you happy, nor you me. I am not suited to your way of life. I am of the country, and I love to be free and unconstrained, while you are of the town. Oh, we should not get on at all! Perhaps you would not be ashamed of me as your wife, but you might be, and I could not endure the chance even of it. There," she added, with a laugh in which a woman's ear might have detected the suppression of a sob, "is one sober reason where none can be needed."

"Is that your only reason?"

She was picking the mortar out of the wall.

"Oh, dear me, no! I have a hundred,

but that is a sufficient one," she answered, almost carelessly, flirting a scrap of lime from the wall with her forefinger.

"And you have been playing with me all this time!" cried he, obtusely enraged by her flippancy.

"Not knowingly, not knowingly, indeed!"

"Can you tell me that you were not aware that I loved you?"

"Well, I thought—the fact is, I thought that you were amusing yourself—in West End fashion."

"Coquette!"

"Mr. Maitland!" she cried, vehemently, "how dare you? There is proof, if any were needed, that I am right. You would not have dared to say that to any of your town acquaintances. I am no coquette. If I have given you pain, I am very sorry. And—I beg that we may part friends."

She had begun fiercely, with all her old spirit. He turned away, and she ended with a sudden, anxious, pitiful lameness, that yet, so angry and dull of understanding was he, taught him nothing.

"Friends," he cried, impatiently. "I told you that it was impossible. Oh, Joan, think again! Have I been too hasty? Have I given you no time to weigh it? Have I just offended you in some little thing? Then let me come to you again in three months, after I have been back among my old friends?"

"No, don't do that, Mr. Maitland. It will be of no use and will but give us pain."

"And yet I will come," he replied, firmly, endeavoring by the very eager longing of his own gaze to draw from her fair, downcast face some sign of hope. "I will come, if you forbid me a hundred times. And if you have been playing with me—true, I am in no mood for soft words now—it shall be your punishment to say me nay, again. I shall be here, Joan, to ask you in three months from to-day."

"I cannot prevent you," she said. "Believe me, I shall only have the same answer for you."

"I shall come," he said, doggedly, and looked at her with eyes reluctant to quit her drooping lashes lest they should miss some glance bidding his heart take courage.

But none came, only the color fluttered uncertainly in her face. So he slowly

turned away from her at last and walked across the garden, and out of sight by the gate into the road. He saw nothing of the long, dusty track, and straggling hedges bathed in the last glows of sunset. Those big gray eyes, so frank and true, came again and again between him and the prospect, and blinded his own with a hot mist of sorrow and anger. Ah, Blore, thou wast mightily avenged!

It is a hot afternoon in August, laden with the hum of dozing life. The sun had driven the less energetic members of the Quaritch family into the cool gloom of the drawing-room, where the open windows are shaded by the great cedar. Mrs. Quaritch, upon the sofa, is nodding over a book. Joan, in a low wicker seat, may be doing the same; while Agnes, pursuing a favorite employment upon the hearthrug, is now and again betrayed by a half-stifled growl from one or other of the dogs as they rise and turn themselves reproachfully, and flop down again with a sigh in a cool place.

"Agnes," cries her mother, upon some more distinct demonstration of misery being made, "for goodness' sake leave the dogs alone. They have not had a moment's peace since lunch."

"A dog's life isn't peace, mamma," she answers, with the simple air of a discoverer of truth.

But, nevertheless, she looks about for fresh worlds to conquer.

"Even Mr. Maitland was better than this," she announces, after a long yawn of discontent, "though he was dull enough. I wonder why he did not come in July? Do you know, Joan?"

"Oh, Agnes, do let us have a moment's peace for once! We are not dogs," cried Joan, fretfully.

Wonder! She was always wondering. This very minute, while her eyes were on the page, it was in her mind. Through all those three months passing hour by hour and day by day, she could assure herself that when he had come and gone, she would be at rest again; things would be as before with her. Let him come and go! But when July arrived, and he did not, a sharper pain made itself felt. Bravely as she strove to beat it down, well as she might hide it from others, the certainty that it had needed no second repulse to balk his love, sorely hurt her

pride. Just her pride, she told herself; nothing else. That he had not stood the test he had himself proposed; that any unacknowledged faintest hope she might have cherished deep down in her heart, that he might master her by noble persistence, must now be utterly quenched; these things of course had no bitterness for her through the hot August days; had nothing to do with the wearied look that sometimes dulled the gray eyes, nor with the sudden indifference or as sudden enthusiasms for lawn tennis and dogs and pigeons, that marked her daily moods.

Agnes' teasing, by putting her meditations into words, has disturbed her. She gets up and moves restlessly about, touching this thing and that, and at last leaves the room and stands in the hall, thinking. Here, too, it is dark and cool, and made to seem more so—the door into the garden being open—by the hot glare of sunshine falling upon the spotless doorstep. She glances at this listlessly. The house is still, the servants are at the back; the dogs all worn out by the heat. Then, as she hesitates, a slight crunching of footsteps upon the gravel comes to her ear, breaking the silence. A sudden black shadow falls upon the sunny step and tells of a visitor. Some one chases away his shadow, and steps upon the stone, and raises his gloved hand to the bell. Charles Maitland at last!

Coming straight in from the sunshine he cannot see the swift welcome that springs to eye and cheek, a flash of light and color, quick to come and go. He is too much moved himself to mark how her hand shakes. He sees no difference in her. But she sees a change in him. She detects some subtle difference that eludes her attempt to define its nature and only fills her with a vague sense that this is not the Charles Maitland from whom she parted.

It is a meeting she has pictured often, but not at all like this. He signs to her to take him into the dining-room, the door of which stands open.

"I have come back, Miss Joan."

"Yes?" she answers sitting down with an attempt to still the tumult within, with such success that she brings herself for the moment nearly to the frame of mind in which they parted, and there is the same weary suffering in her tone.

"I have come back as I said I would. I have overstepped the three months, but

I had a good reason for my delay. Indeed I have been in doubt whether I ought to see you again at all, only I could not bear you to think what you naturally would. I felt that I must see you, even if it cost us both pain."

There is a new awkwardness in his tone and pose.

"I told you that it was—quite unnecessary—and useless," she answers, with a strange tightening in her throat.

"Then it can do you no harm" he asserts quietly. "I have come back not to repeat my petition, but to tell you why I do not and cannot."

"I think," she puts in coldly, "that upon the whole you had better spare yourself the unpleasantness of explaining anything to me. Don't you think so? I asked you for no proof, and held out no hope. Why do you trouble me? Why have you come back?"

"You have not changed!"

For the first time a ring of contempt in her voice takes the place of cold indifference.

"I do not change in three months, Mr. Maitland. But there! my mother will wish to see you, and so will Agnes, who is hankering after something to happen. They are in the drawing-room."

"But, Miss Joan, grant me one moment! You have not heard my reasons."

"Your reasons! Is it absolutely necessary?" she asks, half fretfully, half scornfully; her uppermost thought an intense desire to be by herself in her own room, with the door safely locked.

"I think so, at any rate. Why, I see! By Jove! of course you must be thinking the worst of me now! Oh, no! if you could not love me, Joan—pray pardon me, I had no right to call you by your name—you need not despise me. I cannot again ask you to be my wife, because," he laughs, uneasily, "fortune has put it out of my power to take a wife. My trustee has made ducks and drakes out of my property, or rather bulls and bears. I have but a trifle left to begin the world upon, and far too little to marry upon."

"I read of it in the papers. I saw that a Mr. Maitland was the chief sufferer, but I did not connect him with you," she says, in a low voice.

"No, of course not. How should you?" he answers, lightly.

But nevertheless her coldness is dread-

ful to him. He had thought she would express some sympathy. And gayly as he talks of it, he feels something of the importance of a ruined man and something of his claim to pity.

"And what are you going to do?"

"Do? We've arranged all that. They say there is a living to be made at the bar in New Zealand, if one does not object to riding boots and spurs as part of the professional costume. Of course it will be a different sort of life, and Agnes' favorite patent leathers will be left behind in every sense. This would have been a bad blow to me"—there is a slight catch in his voice, and he gets up, and looks out of one of the windows with his back to her—"now I have learned from you that life should not be all lounging round the table and looking over other people's cards. It has been a sharp lesson, but very opportune as things have turned out. I am ready to take a hand myself now—even without a partner."

He does not at once turn round. He had not fancied she would take it like this, and he listens for a word to tell him that at any rate she is sorry—is grieved as for a stranger. Then he feels a sudden,

light, timid touch upon his arm. Joan is standing quite close to him, and does not move or take away her hand as he turns. Only she looks down at the floor when she speaks:

"I think I should be better than—than dummy—if you will take me to New Zealand."

Half laughing, half crying, and wholly confused, she looks up into his astonished face with eyes so brimful of love and tenderness that they tell all her story. For just an instant his eyes meet hers. Then, with a smothered exclamation, he draws her to him—and—in fact smothers the exclamation.

"I am so glad you've lost your money," she sobs, hiding her face, as soon as she can, upon his shoulder. "I should not have done at all—for you—in London, Charley."

There let us leave her. But no, another is less merciful. Neither of them hears the door open or sees Agnes' face appear at it. But she both sees and hears, and says very distinctly and clearly:

"Well!"

But even Agnes is happy and satisfied. Something *has* happened.

A FLOWER

BY

PHELPS GRAHAM

High on the mountain, where the chill winds blow,
Wooing the glaciers of eternal snow

Whose heart of ice is proof against the sun,

Close to a granite rock he found,

Nestling upon the lichen-covered ground,

Where it a sterile resting place had won,

A tender violet of deepest blue.

He gazed enraptured, and methinks it knew

The love it had awakened in his heart,

For as he knelt its soul's sweet incense free

A promise breathed of immortality.

In which a thing so pure might share a part.

One by his side said: "So you love the flowers;

Stoop lower, dear, and make the blossom ours."

"Not ours, but God's," he answered, passing on;

"Perchance, its mission has but just begun."

IN THE NICK OF TIME*

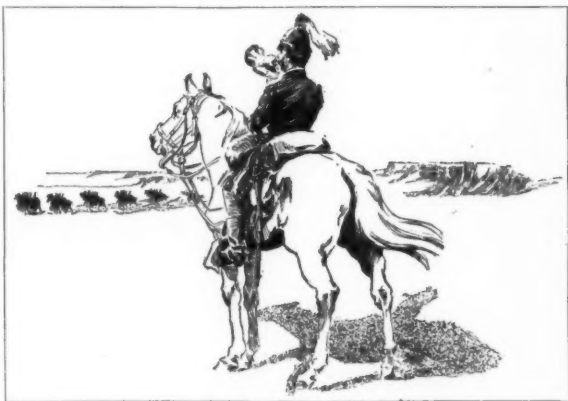
BY
TOM HALL

AFTERNOON

A LONG brown adobe building, roofed with gray shingles, decorated with the whitest of paint where wood-work shows at doors and windows. To the right are the adobe and frame buildings of the frontier army post Fort Apache. It is a "fort" by courtesy of official appellation. In matter of fact it is a small town built around a brown green rectangle called the "parade." Officers' quarters on one side, six company barracks on the other, adjutant's office and headquarters, also commissary buildings on one end, hospital on the other. To the left of the brown adobe post trader's store, officers' club and post office, saloon and various other things (which is the building herein before first described) five hundred miles of mesquite and cactus covered mountains and plains. They are forsaken, so it is said, by God, for which reason it is a paradise of safety for God-forsaken men. It is not well to travel alone in that direction unless you are one of them.

The traveler and the well-read consider Arizona a desert where Nature spilled a lot of sand, dust and alkali in her haste to get ready for Genesis. The soldier of experience labels it roughly but completely "Seven inches from Hell." But he is careless from long habit. There is one spot that is an exception. It is Apache. Beauty stopped here in the days that were earlier, to sigh at the careless work of hasty Nature. Perhaps she dropped some tears before she turned away. It is reasonable to suppose so, for here all beauty grows. Revolve on your vertical axis as slowly as the earth does on hers and feed your eyes. Nowhere in the world is such a panorama.

That is not a gigantic flower over there. It is a cliff of rock. You never saw such tints in a flower—in any one flower—in all the flowers you ever saw. Check off the tints of the rainbow and the prism. They are all there and a thousand others. That is not snow on yonder plain. It is merely a thousand acres of white budded cactus so closely woven together that you cannot ride your horse through it. That splotch of mingled colors, the brightest colors you ever saw, is a bed of rock roses, which flourish on starvation and thirst and die when watered or fed. Yes, side by side are rock roses and roses of rock. See the mountains north, south, east and west. They are not the highest in the world, but almost. No, that is not snow, that dainty dot of white on each of their summits. That is a bed of softest down. The angels rest there on their way to heaven and the feathers from their wings fall out now and then. Who knows? Perhaps the babes on their way to earth pluck them out in play, or the dead brush them off in their distraught embrace. Now look up at the faint blue sky above you. Did you ever think heaven so far away before?



The Recall

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Don't stagger so. That was not the last trump. That was merely the bugle recall from afternoon drill. See the troops of cavalry marching back to their stables, and the infantry tramping back to barracks. The galloping figures are officers each followed by his orderly. They will dismount at the door that opens into their club. Let us enter with them. Two older officers, no higher in rank than captain, however, are already there. They are playing euchre at \$5 a game. It is a credit game and has been running between them ever since the war. First one and then the other has at times been many thousands of dollars ahead, but up to the present time no money has changed hands. It never will. But the game goes on. It passes away time while their lieutenants are at drill. To confess the truth they are both of them too old and stout to enjoy riding a horse.

A younger captain, with the figure that tells in every line of West Point, ruddy cheeked from the drill and bright-eyed with intelligence, is the first of the newcomers to speak.

"Come, gentlemen," says Captain Reynolds, "let's have a drink to the old Twelfth. Here come the visitors," as another group of officers, visiting the post, enter the room. "Why, we haven't had so many of 'ours' together before in twenty years. Duty is done and the festivities of anniversary day begun. Excuse the poetry. It's on me, Hammy (this to the post trader who enters expectantly). Attention, boys. On the centre—dress!"

And the fat and genial Hammy passes around a decanter and glasses. The celebration has begun, of an anniversary that will be remembered by all of them to their dying day.

Just in time to join in the toast their senior major, White, of glorious war memory, enters.

"Well, young gentlemen," he asks, turning to the group of younger officers, "are the arrangements all made for the hop this evening?"

"You bet they are, major—I beg pardon, I mean yes, sir," answers a tall lieutenant with a mustache that seems to be continually calling for succor. His name is Denby, but he is commonly called "Baby," being the youngest officer in the regiment. "In fact," he continues, "I stayed over there and watched Mrs.

Thornton decorate the room myself. I'd have been there yet if she hadn't finished and gone home." The "Baby" had not yet broken the West Point habit of hanging around the ladies whenever there was a chance, especially the good looking ones.

The major looks solemn. His own wife died within two years of their marriage and he has been true to her memory as he has been true to everything else. "That little woman is an angel," he says, slowly. "I don't blame you youngsters for being spoony about her. What a piece of luck it was for Nick Thornton when he captured her. Ha," reminiscently, "I was his best man at the wedding. But it's about the only piece of real good luck he ever had—and never a man deserved good luck more than old Nick-o'-time Thornton. And he has just got a characteristic dose of his bad luck to-day. He has just been ordered into the field, and it is anniversary day at that. That row down at Tolquili's camp seems to be a pretty serious one. They've begun killing each other, and if they're not stopped pretty soon they will be killing white men. It's too bad all around, for if there's any one in kiln-dried Arizona who would like to kill Nick Thornton it's that same old wretch Tolquili. But the colonel won't trust anyone else with the job, and away goes Nick, to his death, perhaps."

"Why is Tolquili down on Captain Thornton, major?" asks the inquisitive "Baby."

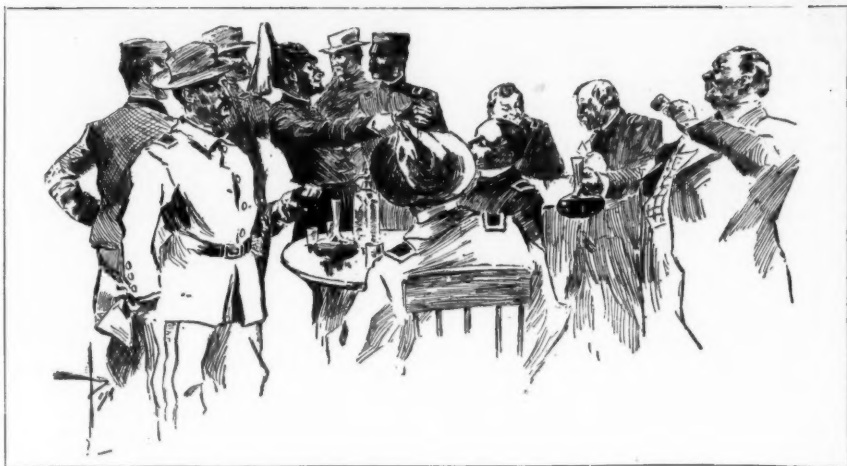
"Oh, Thornton killed one of Tolquili's sons away back in the early seventies," answers the major. "It's a long time ago, but an Indian never forgets. At least an Apache never does."

Here the door is thrown open vigorously, and Black, the regimental adjutant, enters hurriedly.

"Well," he almost shouts, "the fellows from Thomas and Grant have just arrived and I have distributed them around. They are putting on their duds."

"Putting on their duds?" asked the "Baby."

"Shut up, young man," answers the adjutant, with more good humor in his manner than his words. "I was just about to announce to you all the best news yet. Jack Willoughby will be here to-night."



The fat and genial Hammy passes around decanter and glasses

"Jack Willoughby!" shouts a chorus. And it is at once apparent that a favorite officer of the Twelfth has been named.

"I thought that old rooster of a doughboy colonel at San Carlos wasn't going to let him come," comments the major, with a grin of satisfaction. "I'll bet on Jack getting where he wants to arrive every time."

"Yes," continues the adjutant, "I've just received a telegram from him that had been delayed. He started early this morning, and expects to be here in time for the hop. I'll bet he'll do it, too."

"Phew!" whistles the major, "Seventy miles from sun-up to sun-down and wants to dance afterwards! Well, I used to be young once myself. Sixty miles over mountains and the climb up Rocky Cañon thrown in for good measure. I wouldn't do it for a year's pay. But he'll be here. I know that man. And there's Nick Thornton's luck again. If there are two men in God's world who love each other more than any other two they are Nick Thornton and Jack Willoughby. They get a chance to meet—and Thornton is ordered into the field. Those two men were cut out of the same block and fashioned by the same hands—only Jack's younger and handsomer."

"And richer," adds Burger, the regimental cynic.

"Yes," retorts Black, the adjutant, "and I forgot to say that I received a

check for a cool two hundred towards expenses from him yesterday. Do the rest of you gather a hint from that?"

A general chorus of plugging denials follows this: "No—we didn't hear it—blind in both ears, old man—sorry, but —" and so forth.

"Well," continues Black, "come over to the quarters and help entertain the newcomers."

The group disintegrates, and in couples the officers of the Twelfth saunter out. Big Denby the "Baby" couples skilfully to Captain Reynolds, who is more or less of a god in Denby's eyes.

"Say, captain," says Denby, "why do they call Captain Thornton 'Nick-o-time?'"

"Well," answers the popular young troop commander, thoughtfully, as he takes a cigar out of his mouth and throws a kiss to his wife as she comes out of their home half way up the "line."

"Nicholas is his first name—and I believe it is appropriate in other ways. Half a dozen times, when he was supposed to be as far away as Chicago, he has bounced unexpectedly into the fight when the Twelfth or a part of it was getting licked, and saved the day just in the nick of time. The last time was when 'E' Troop was cornered by the Chiricahuas up in the Tonto basin, and was about to go to Kingdom come. He had an extra incentive then. Willoughby, his

chum, was in command of 'E.' Then again he saved his wife from drowning in the old days, when the regiment was stationed up in Wyoming. She was fording the Wind River horseback and made a mistake as to the location of the ford. The Wind River shoots along at the pace of a mill race, and she and her horse were swept away in a jiffy right before Thornton's eyes. The river makes a long bend there and plunges into Wind River Cañon about a mile or two further down—goes in like a squadron at the charge. No one has ever been washed into the cañon and come out alive, they say. The Shoshone Indians think the Great Spirit dwells there. Well, Thornton jumped on a horse that was grazing near him, and without saddle or bridle raced over the chord of the arc made by the river. He reached the mouth of the cañon just in time to pull his wife out. Her horse went in and was dashed to death against the rocks. That's part of the story."

EVENING

With a sufficient amount of evergreen, wild flowers, flags, streamers, guidons and ribbons, a clever woman can make the long main room of a company barracks look very inviting indeed. With a sufficient number of spermaceti candles and a squad of soldiers to waltz the spermaceti chips into the floor, the room can be transformed into a very excellent hop room. Such is the condition and appearance of the one unoccupied troop barracks at Fort Apache on the evening of the anniversary of the Twelfth Regiment of Uncle Sam's cavalry. A bowl of death-dealing cavalry punch stands invitingly on a table at either end of the room. At the windows Apache Indians, soldiers and ladies from the back line (known technically as laundresses) gaze admiringly in. The band of the Twelfth occupies a raised platform on one side and the floor is a maze of waltzers—and such waltzers! In all the world there is no better society dancing than in Uncle Sam's army. The officers learn from the funny, squat, little dancing master at West Point; their wives and sweethearts, after years of tuition from the great masters of terpsichore in the cities, learn anew and better from the officers.

There are as usual not quite enough ladies to go around, one of the peculiar

delights of an army hop to the women's way of thinking, and in a corner the "Baby" is talking to his chum and classmate, Ward, he of the West Point nickname "Deacon," which will remain with him always, even after death, like all West Point nicknames. The mighty Grant tried to escape a West Point nickname, but gave up the attempt in despair and adopted the nickname finally as his legal name.

"By Jove, doesn't she look beautiful!" exclaims the "Baby."

"You're a natural born spoon," answers the "Deacon," "but Mr. Thornton is beautiful, just the same. I used to thing the *femmes* at the summer hops at West Point were the prettiest women in the world. I had no idea we would find any one handsomer out here on the edge of the Colorado plateau—the jumping-off place of the world. How many times are you going to dance with her?"

"Seven," says the "Baby." "I got Captain Thornton's two and my original five. You see the captain was sent away just in the nick of time—for me."

"'Baby,'" observes the "Deacon," solemnly, "you're a hog. You ought to be eating corn down in the 'A' troop garden with the rest of them."

"Well," responds the "Baby," "you see my five rest on a contingency. If Willoughby gets here in time for the hop he's to have four of them. I'm going to stick out for the captain's two, though. Maybe he'll think he has a right to them."

"Is Willoughby spoony on her, too?"

"Oh, no," answers the "Baby," "they're old friends, so I understand. Thornton and Willoughby are chums. They've been stationed together a great deal, and Mrs. Thornton is just a third party to the chumship—sort of differential coefficient of Thornton with Willoughby as the variable."

"Hump!" answers the "Deacon," "only a man who knows as little about calculus as you would speak like that."

Perhaps he could have added "only a boy who knew as little about life" also.

"Well," says the "Baby," hopefully, "I'm willing to bet that Willoughby won't care to dance if he does get here in time—not after such a ride."

The music ceases and in a moment Mrs. Thornton, at the other end of the room is surrounded by a group of admiring offi-

cers, each begging a dance. The "Baby" and the "Deacon" hurry over also, but the slim, trim Adjutant Blake, entering hurriedly at a side door, is before them. The latter is in a hurry apparently, for he pushes his way through the crowd with jokes and excuses and interrupts even the colonel himself in order to address her.

"Mrs. Thornton," he says, "you have not forgotten our promenade during this intermission? You must excuse me, gentlemen, but Mrs. Thornton is mine for a few delightful minutes, none of which am I willing to forego."

But Mrs. Thornton seems surprised.

"Why, Mr. Blake, I——" she begins.

But Blake can talk with his eyes as easily as an Apache can with his hands, and he is looking straight into the depths of her own.

"Oh, yes, I do remember, Mr. Blake," she continues, with a little flush followed by a slight pallor that is most mysterious to the waiting group.

"You will find my card in Mr. Denby's possession, gentlemen. I think you will find most of the dances in his possession, too. But I will let you settle that with him. I hope you will all find a way to dance with me, though, for it will take a great deal of attention to console me for the captain's absence—ah, you must be witty, obedient, and dance your very best this evening, or I shall cut down my invitation list frightfully."

Mrs. Thornton leaves the room on the arm of Blake. In a moment they are out on the moonlit parade ground—in the ghostly moonlight, in the awful stillness of the unsettled West, when neither coyote, wolf or bird is near enough to break the silence.

"A friend of yours sitteth on the settee beneath yonder flagstaff," says Blake, jocularly. "He would see thee there, as he wisheth not to dance."

"Mr. Willoughby?" asks Mrs. Thornton, with a queer little gasp.

"The same," answers Blake, "dusty, dirty and tired, unwilling to dance like the rest of us frivolous young fools, but think-



"Time and I have come to you"

ing much of the wife of his friend, and disappointed mightily at his friend's absence."

"I wish the captain were here," says Mrs. Thornton, with a sigh, or what passes for one.

"So does he," Blake adds, innocently.

Under her breath Mrs. Thornton asks herself, "Does he?" But Willoughby strides up to her, and clasps her hand, and there is no necessity for speaking again to Blake.

"How do you do?" asks tall Jack Willoughby. "You see I got here in time for the dance after all, but we had an unusually hard trip. I'm rather tired, and I told Blake if he would get me just half an hour's chat with you, the captain being away, I'd go back to his quarters and go to bed."

"And I accepted," adds Blake, gallantly, "because I thought by the arrangement the rest of us would get off cheap. Now, Willoughby, bring her back in half an hour to the minute. I'll depart, myself, as I have the next dance, Lord help me, with the colonel's wife. See you later."

And Blake strides back to the hop room.

He is gone but a moment and is still in plain sight when Willoughby speaks.

"Olive, my darling," he says, attempting to embrace her.

"No—no—no—" she cries. "You must not. What does this mean, Jack?"

"It means that the man and the hour have come," answers Willoughby. "Time and I have come to you. Time and I are old friends, you know, Olive, who wait for no man, and to whom everything comes at last."

"Jack," she asks, "you surely do not mean—"

"I mean that to-morrow night we shall be safe in Mexico, together, my darling, and that paradise is before us."

"Oh, Jack—I can't—I can't!" she cries, burying her face in her hands.

"Olive," he whispers, with his lips touching her ear, "I have your promise. You told me that I had your love. Is it not true? Do you not love me, Olive?"

He catches her hands in his own and peers into her eyes.

"Yes, Jack," she answers, struggling impotently to free her hands; "yes, I do love you, if a woman may know whom she loves. I have promised to go with you when the time came—but surely the time has not come yet. I hoped the time would never come until death. We might go into the other world hand in hand. But, oh, Jack, think of a wife's honor—and think of that good man's honor."

"Olive," says Willoughby, almost sternly, "we have talked this all over many times in the past. The time has come. I have made it come. Do you think it chance that your husband is away to-night? It is not. I caused the row down at Tolquili's camp. I sent the old devil a couple of gallons of whisky, quite anonymously, I assure you. Don't you suppose I knew who would be sent from this post to look after matters. The play is made. He loses a wife. I lose my career. But I give it freely, and what they may please to call my honor. I give everything for you. I am ready."

"But in the terrible days that may come, Jack," she answers, "that surely will come—when you tire of me and regret it all?"

"I love you," he answers, impatiently. "Is not that an answer to all your doubts?"

"Oh, Jack," she sobs, "I'm afraid."

"Have courage," he tells her. "Everything is arranged perfectly. Get away from this infernal hop as soon as you can

without exciting suspicion. I sleep in my camp bed, outdoors, thanks to Blake's house being crowded. When the post is quiet I will go to your quarters and knock at the window of your dining-room. You must be awake and ready. Down below there in the cañon, not ten minutes walk, there will be horses saddled and bridled, ready and fresh. Three miles away at the old Indian trader's store is a buck-board. I have relays of horses every fifteen miles. We shall be in Holbrook in time for the morning train, for I am going to drive like a madman. Once on that train we are safe. Tell your servant that you will be fatigued by dancing, and not to waken you until noon. I shall say good-by to the boys before they go to sleep. I have told Blake that I am going to the East on leave, and he will think I have merely taken an early start. We will neither of us be missed until afternoon. Perhaps not even then. What do you say?"

"Oh, Jack," she answers, "I cannot say it."

"Then," he says, "I will say it for you. You shall come with me. You must come with me. There is Blake looking for you. I will take you to him, but remember—"

NIGHT

The anniversary hop of the Twelfth Cavalry is finished. The dancers are asleep in bed. The sentinel on No. 1 in front of the guard house looks along the line of officers' quarters and sees a light in but one window. It is in the quarters of Captain Thornton.

"The little woman," says the sentinel to himself, "is sitting up waiting for the captain to return. But he won't come back to-night. Too far, and too much row to settle, I'm a-thinking."

But there were two people in the lighted room in Captain Thornton's quarters. Jack Willoughby had just made his entrance. For the first time in his life he had played the sneak and entered by a window held open by Mrs. Thornton. Then they had clasped hands and felt their way noiselessly up stairs.

After they have entered the lighted room, Willoughby speaks.

"I hope you have not fatigued yourself dancing too much," he says.

"I dance," she answers. "I suppose I jumped around, made a pretense of some

kind. But how could a woman dance whose heart is as heavy as mine is?"

"Come," says Willoughby, "you must not feel this way. At least you must not talk this way. Suffering may be our lot in this world, but we shall suffer less together than apart."

"Ah, Jack, but shall we always be together? You know I am a woman, not a young girl. I know something of the world and the ways of the men in it."

"Olive," he answers, "even though you cannot determine by weights and measures whether or not I love you, surely you can decide in your own heart whether or not you love me. You decided it once. And if you love me it is your duty to him and to me to come. We must depart."

"How can I help fearing the future?" she asks.

"I tell you, Olive, that in less than a year we shall be lawful man and wife. The divorce courts of our country are swift and sure, and the moment we hear of the decree we will marry."

"Decree!" she exclaims. "Don't you know that this terrible scandal will ruin him in his profession? He will have to resign, and Heaven knows what will become of him. He is not a rich man like yourself. He is poor—very poor."

"And will it not ruin me, too?" Willoughby exclaims, walking up and down the room, excitedly. "Am I not giving up as much as I ask of him, and more? I tell you that his marriage to you was a terrible mistake, that is all. What can he give you? Nothing but such a life as this, and at the end of it retired pay—which means poverty. You know what I can give you. With me you can live where you can hear the very heart-beats of the world. You shall be queen of all that is best and most beautiful. I am far wealthier than you suppose. Do you call this existence out here 'life'? To a woman like you, to a man like me, it is a slow death. I should have left it all long ago if it were not for you. I could stand it all if you were my wife. But that cannot be. We must go."

"Jack," she sobs, "Jack—I am afraid to go. Do you know that I am actually afraid that when we start to leave this house, he will enter. You know his reputation. It seems impossible, but I thoroughly believe he will knock at that door the moment we start to leave. And he

says himself, and every one knows, it is always his luck to be just 'in the nick of time.' I have reason to appreciate it. He saved my life once. He may be in time to-night to save something that should be dearer than life both to him and to me. It may be weakness, but I am really afraid."

"That is nonsense, Olive," answers Willoughby, catching her in his strong arms. "You are nervous. Give me a kiss and let us go."

"No—no," she cries, struggling to free herself. "This is his house. Not here. I have never kissed you, and I never will until we begin the new life."

"Well, then," he says, releasing her, "come anyway. We must not delay."

He picks up her traveling bag and leads her to the top of the stairs.

"What if he should appear?" she asks, tying on her hat.

"You are merely nervous, Olive."

They are at the foot of the stairs now, and Willoughby is feeling for the knob of the front door.

"What if he should be on the other side of that door when we open it?" she asks.

"When we open it?" repeats Willoughby. "Ha! ha! Well, one or the other of us, either he or I, would die—that's all. I think it would be the one who was the slower at shooting."

"Do you mean to say that you would kill him?"

"If he stood in the way with you the prize, yes."

"Oh—Jack!"

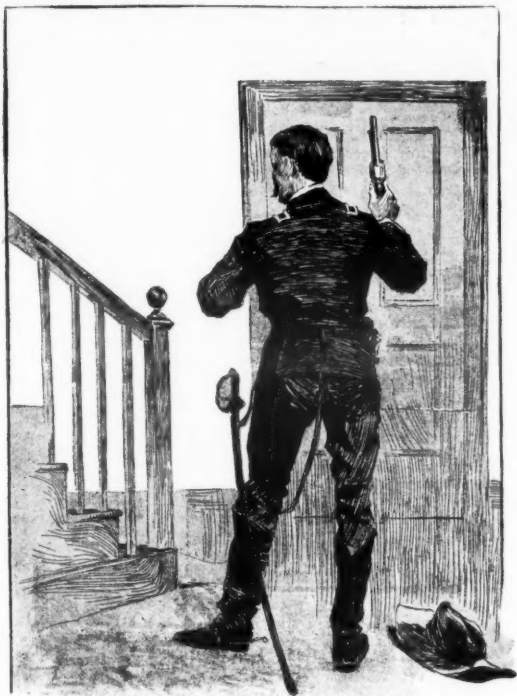
"Come," says Willoughby, commandingly—but as he speaks the word they both start with surprise.

A low, steady knocking is heard at the door.

"It is he. I knew it," moans Mrs. Thornton. "Oh, what shall we do? The window—quick, leave by the window."

"Never!" answers Willoughby, gritting his teeth. "I entered by the window, and am already ashamed of it. But I shall leave by this door though the devil and all his demons be on the other side. I have not asked you to leave him for a coward. I shall stay here, and it shall be either he or I."

"But what shall I do?" she whispers. "Tell me—tell me. I am only a woman, and I am afraid."



Willoughby draws his revolver and steps to the centre of the hallway

The knock sounds again, this time louder than before.

Willoughby draws his revolver and steps to the centre of the hallway.

"Light the lamp," he says, calmly, "and open the door."

She does as she is bid. As the door swings open, to the astonishment of both, a sergeant in rough field uniform enters, hat in hand. He is a sergeant of Thornton's troop as both see at once, and his face is drawn with sorrow.

"Mrs. Thornton," he says, slowly, and hardly noticing Willoughby, "I—don't—know—how—to—say—it. By Heaven, I can't say it. The captain—the captain—"

She divines the message and commences to wring her hands.

"Tell me," she cries, "tell me. Oh, he is not——"

"Yes, mum," says the sergeant, the

tears starting from his eyes. "He's dead."

"Thank God!" Willoughby exclaims to himself, hiding his revolver.

"Dead!" cries Mrs. Thornton, speaking mechanically, and almost dazed. "Dead—my husband—my dear husband dead? Oh, no—oh, no!"

"Yes, mum, dead," continues the sergeant. "Old Tolquili killed him. Shot him from ambush down in White River Cañon. Shot him in the back. Tolquili's dead, too, mum. We did that."

"Where is he?—where is he?" she cries, falling against the stairway for support.

"Here, mum," answers the sergeant. "Corpril, bring in the body."

A corporal and three men, before this lost in the darkness outside the house, bring in the body and place it on the floor of the parlor, first laying their coats underneath it. Then, accompanied by the sergeant, they leave the house with bowed heads.

Half crawling, yet dragging herself like a wounded beast, Mrs. Thornton reaches the dead body of her husband.

"Do you see?" she cries, throwing herself upon the body and kissing its blood-stained lips. "Just in time, as I told you. Do you see?"

"You are overwrought, Olive," says Willoughby, gathering himself, for even his iron nerve has been shaken. "It is all for the best. It saves his honor—and ours. We will bury him, you go to your mother's home, I back to my post—and in a convenient time we will be married. It is all for the best."

"Married!" exclaims Mrs. Thornton.

"Yes," he answers, "we still love each other."

"Love!" cries Mrs. Thornton. "I love you—you? I hate you!"

"Nonsense," says Willoughby. "You are unstrung. It is all for the best."

"Do you see this?" she asks, pointing in agony to the body. "You did this—"

you. Not with a bullet, giving him his equal chance, like a brave man—but with two pitiful gallons of whisky. Oh, how you must admire yourself!"

"Really, Olive," he answers. "Don't be so hard. I did not know. I could not foretell."

"Leave me, at once!" she commands.

"Of course, if you wish it," he replies.

"But we shall meet again. We shall marry, as I said."

"Never," she answers—"he will be with me always now. Go—and stay."

Willoughby strides toward the door. But it is opened before he reaches it, and the colonel of the Twelfth stands on the threshold.

"Why, Willoughby," exclaims the colonel, "you here, ahead of me! But of course, of course—it is natural that she would notify you first. You were his best friend. I forgot—of course she would."

But Willoughby passes out without a reply, without a word, as becomes a man who has lost all he has played for.

AD BELLONAM

BY

FRANK L. POLLOCK

Mother of Swords! While the river runs,
Or the steamer seeks the sea,
While the north wind blows from the chill of Snows,
And the south from the scented Key,
So long, so long will live the song
That thy lilting bugles sing,
As the warship rides down the deep-sea tides,
Where the green foams white on her armored sides,
And the wind 'ard gun-shields ring.

There be they who sing that the song will cease,
The song that thy sons began;
That the good old World will loll in peace,
In the bond of the Peace of Man.
They sing,—and clear 'twixt the notes we hear
The clink of the warrior's trade;
And the thund'rous call where the hammers fall,
And the steam-power shrieks o'er the factory wall,
Where the rifled guns are made.

The Breath of the Lord may rule the sea,
And the Lies of Men the land;
And the craft of the tongue may hold in fee
The strength of the heavy hand;
But though tongues may quicken and strength may sicken,
And hands grow soft and small,
Year upon year the day draws near
Of the unsheathed sword and the shaken spear,
That shall make amends for all.

When the Armageddon sunrise breaks
On the iron-clad's smoking line;
When the last dawn lights on that last of fights
Where the strength of man shall shine,
One last grim day of the world at play
With bugle and tuck of drum,
While the red drops beat on the shattered fleet,
Till the red sun sinks on the last defeat,
Then—let the Millenium come!

"BE BLESSED"

By HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ

(Translated by S. C. Slupski)

ONE fine moonlit night, the great and wise Krishna was deep in contemplation.

Then he said: "I thought man the most magnificent creature in the world, but I have been mistaken.

"Here I see a flower of the Lotus, swaying in the evening breeze. How much finer it is than any living being. The leaves just opened to embrace the silvery moonbeams and its serene loveliness fascinates my gaze.

"Surely," he repeated with a sigh, "among men nothing like it exists."

And again he mused.

"Why should not I, a god, by the might of my word, create such a being, that would be among men as Lotus to the flowers?"

"Then let earth and men rejoice for so shall I endow thee—

"Lotus! transform thyself and appear before me as a living virgin!"

Slightly trembled the water as if touched by a swallow's wing, the moon gleamed more silvery, the night became brighter, the thrushes sang more sweetly and then ceased. And the miracle complete, Krishna, the god, himself amazed, beheld the Lotus in human form before him.

"You who were the flower of the lake," said he, "be henceforth the flower of my thought and speak."

And, as murmur the white Lotus leaves when kissed by a breath of summer breeze, in low voice the virgin whispered:

"Master, you have made me a living being and now where by your command am I to dwell?"

"Remember, oh, master, as a flower, I trembled and closed my leaves when touched by the slightest breath of the wind; I feared, oh, master, the showers and storms, I dreaded the cruel lightnings and thunders, I even shrank from the burning sunbeams. And as you commanded me to be the incarnation of Lotus, so I preserved my character. Now, therefore, oh, master, I fear the earth and all its elements. Then where dost thou command me now to dwell?"

Krishna raised his wise eyes toward the stars; he thought for a while and then

asked:

"Would you live on tops of mountains?"

"There are cold and snows, oh master, I fear."

"Then—upon the bottom of a lake I will build for you a crystal palace."



The god beheld the Lotus in human form before him



And Walmiki said, "I love!"

"In the depth of waters live snakes and other monsters—I fear, oh master.

"Out on the boundless prairies would you wish to live?"

"Oh, master! the winds and storms trample the prairies like wild herds."

"What am I to do with thee, incarnate flower. Ha, Ellora's caves apart from all the world, where dwell the saintly anachorites, there thou shalt repose."

"The darkness I fear, oh master."

Krishna sat on a stone, his head resting on his hand. The virgin, fearful and trembling, stood before him.

Meanwhile, Aurora's gentle gleams were illuminating the sky in the east, gilding the lake, the palms and the bamboos. Choirs of rosy herons, blue cranes or snowy swans were heard over the waters, and in the woods peacocks and bengals. And suddenly, in accompaniment the air rang with sounds of strings stretched upon a pearl shell, and the words of human song.

These strains awakened Krishna from his reverie, and he said:

" 'Tis the poet Walmiki, who salutes the rising sun."

Soon the purple curtain of lichens drew aside and on the bank of the lake Walmiki appeared.

On beholding the Lotus incarnate Walmiki ceased to play. His pearl shell fell from his grasp upon the sod, his hands drooped and he stood speechless, as

if transformed by the great Krishna into a tree.

The god, delighted with his own deed, exclaimed:

"Awake Walmiki, and loose thy tongue."

And Walmiki said:

... "I love!"

He remembered only this one word, and therefore only this one could utter.

Suddenly Krishna's face irradiated.

"Adorable girl, at last I have found upon the earth a worthy place for you. Live in the poet's heart."

And again Walmiki repeated:

... "I love!"

The will of the potent Krishna, the will of a god, began to urge the girl toward the heart of the poet. The god has also made Walmiki's heart transparent as crystal.

Serene as a summer day, clear and silent as Ganges waters, the girl entered the abode, designed for her.

But suddenly, when she looked into the bottom of Walmiki's heart, her cheek paled and a fear came over her as a cold wind. And Krishna was surprised.

"Incarnate flower," asked he, "do you fear even a poet's heart?"

"Oh, master," answered she. "Where did you command me to live? Why, in this one heart only I beheld snowy mountain tops, and depths of waters full of strange creatures, and a prairie with its winds

and storms, and the dark Ellora's caves—
and then again I fear, oh master."

The good and wise Krishna said: "Fear
not, you, the incarnate flower. If in the
heart of Walmiki lay snowy expanses, be
you the warm spring's breath to melt it;
if there is depth of waters, be a pearl in

this depth; if there is a deserted prairie,
scatter there the seed of the flowers of hap-
piness; if there are dark Ellora's caves,
be in the darkness a ray of sunlight."

And Walmiki, who during these words
had recovered his speech, added:

"And be blessed!"



SONG OF THE DAYS

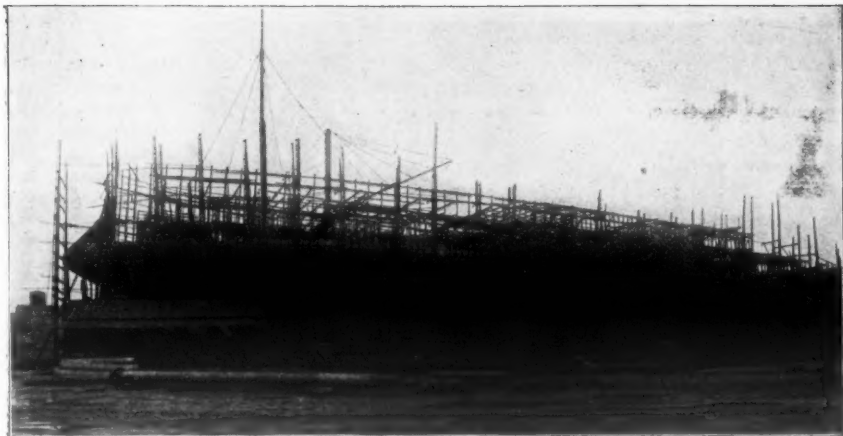
BY

W. TYLER OLCOTT

Hark to the song I sing,
Song of the days I fling,
Out on the summer night,
'Neath starry sky;
Low songs that swelling go,
Love songs, and songs of woe,
Echoing to and fro,
Winging on high.

Hark to the song of Life,
Song of the days of strife,
Sung when the life stream beats,
In youthful veins;
Laughter and songs of mirth,
Joy-bringing songs of birth,
Heard when spring rules the earth,
In bird refrains.

Hark to the song of Death,
Sung when the dying breath,
Speeds on its upward flight
Beyond the skies;
Hark, now I hear it swell,
Tears 'neath my eyelids well,
Death tolls his mournful knell,
Closed are the eyes.



Uncle Sam's Latest Battleship—"Alabama"

WHERE BATTLESHIPS ARE BUILT

BY

EDWARD AL

WITHIN the limits of the city of Philadelphia, not a great distance from the commercial heart, and yet not a great distance from the suburbs of the city lies a tract of thirty-one acres, on the eastern shore of the Delaware which is devoted entirely to the construction of ships. One invades this region of construction not without a sense of diffidence, for it is a realm of roaring machinery, a region traversed by strange, self-propelling engines, and filled with thousands of men. Great warships representing each in itself millions of dollars of expenditure, stand huge and skeleton-like in immense stocks or frames of wood. In docks of the largest proportions half, or almost wholly completed vessels ride quietly at anchor, and throughout the grounds huge piles of the various materials of construction lie scattered. A section that would strike one as an ordinary lumber yard, proves to be composed wholly of orderly piles of inch thick steel plates. Yet another section is filled with cars of rough iron, which at a distance might pass for wood. Great, long, narrow shops extend in random directions, from which issue a variety of sounds, the roar of machinery, the clash and clatter of a boiler shop, the rumbling

of a region of smiths and forges, and yet another of huge punching presses, where plates of steel are punctured for purposes of bolting, with a rapidity that in a sense passeth all understanding. It is a realm of bustle and hurry, of vast undertakings and great materials altogether, a city of machines supervised by thousands of men, where things are not measured by the hundreds, but the thousands and tens of thousands of dollars, and this is the region of naval construction, the site of the Cramps ship yards.

The establishment is rather a secret and exclusive affair on the whole, and the stranger is not admitted except on order. To the visitor first entering, it is all a realm of confusion, the centre of which is formed by immense skeleton hulks round which the disorder ranges. By slow degrees dimensions are suggested however, and some idea of the immense amount of work being done comes out of it all. The eye is instantly attracted by the sight of men moving in groups of six and more, an anomaly that is only clear when it is learned that as a rule men work here in small gangs or groups, so many being required at each different machine. Swinging cranes lumber by on tracks along which they propel themselves, car-



The Bolting Room

rying aloft in great iron claws immense plates of steel or other masses, which are thus transferred from one point to another. Conspicuously at the water edge rides a huge floating derrick, with its name, *Atlas*, loudly painted upon its head. Within the conglomeration of immense shops, which are scattered about the great open area called the yard, thousands of men and boys are at work, confusedly mingled with the vast extent of intricate machinery contained within their walls. Forging rooms, boiler rooms, joiner houses, machine shops, planing rooms, dawn upon the visitor, one after another. I found afterward, when I was partly free of the nightmare of iron and steel, that it was even more subdivided than I had thought. Presented in order the various sections might be enumerated as: (1) A building 1164 feet long, with an

average width of 72 feet, partly three, and partly two stories high, which included under one roof joiner and pattern shop, machine and erecting shop, shipsheds, two mould lofts, roll shop, scribe board and bending shed. (2) A boiler shop 387 feet long by 112½ feet wide, the most extensive in America, and one of the largest and best equipped in the world.

(3) A machine shop and the most extensive foundry in America, arranged in a quadrangle and covering an entire block of great area. (4) A power house in which are assembled extensive hydraulic, pneumatic and electric plants, whose power is distributed throughout the ship yard and the shops, by means of pipes or wires as the case may be, and applied to the operation of portable drills, slotters, riveters, calking machines, lighting, ventilation, blowing furnace fires, operating bending and slop-



The Boiler Room

ing machines, and otherwise generally used.

(5) Five large building slips, having a capacity of over six hundred feet in length by seventy-five feet in width. (6) Five wet docks, having wharfage ranging from 600 to 1,000 feet in length each. (7) A complete railway system, connecting with the great railways of the city, and penetrating every part of the ship yard and shops. (8) A six story building without the walls, at Beach and Ball streets, containing the administrative offices of the company, as well as the construction and steam engineering draughting room, and a restaurant for the accommodation of the officers of the company and members of the executive staff. (9) An extensive pipe shop, equipped for the manufacture of every variety of pipe required in the steam and water connections, and drainage and



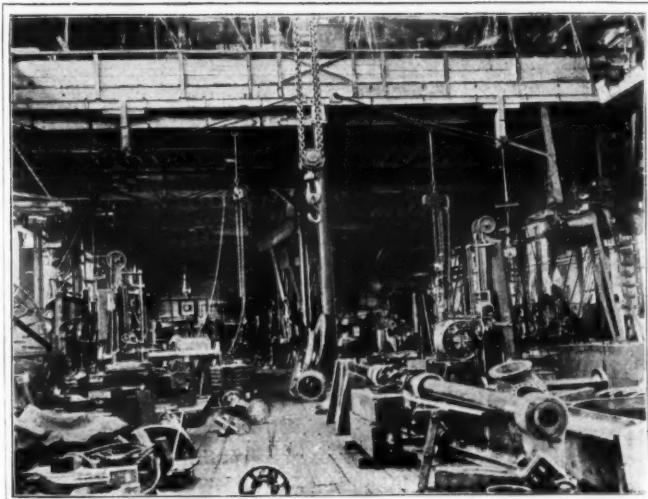
The Company's Store

ventilating system of ships and their machinery. (10) A large brass foundry fully equipped for the manufacture of every variety of brass, bronze, manganese bronze and white metal castings, and which operates for itself a traveling crane of twenty-five tons, as well as melting and pouring facilities sufficient for single castings of fifty thousand pounds weight. (11) An ordnance plant where are manufactured breech-loading, rapid-firing cannon of four-inch calibre, as well as projectiles for them of all the varieties required

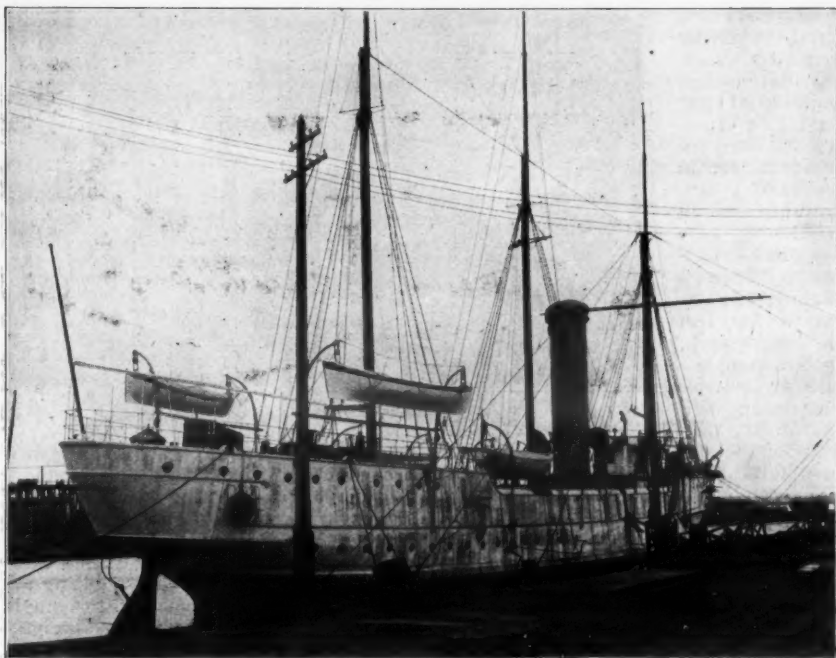
in the service afloat and ashore.

(12) A basin dry dock, 462 feet long and 72 feet wide. (13) A marine railway capable of hauling out vessels of 10,000 tons burden, and (14) the derrick, *Atlas*, the largest and most powerful of its kind in the world.

There are besides about ten acres of out-door storage space for material, provided with derricks both stationary and locomotive, which



The Machine Shop



A Dispatch Boat

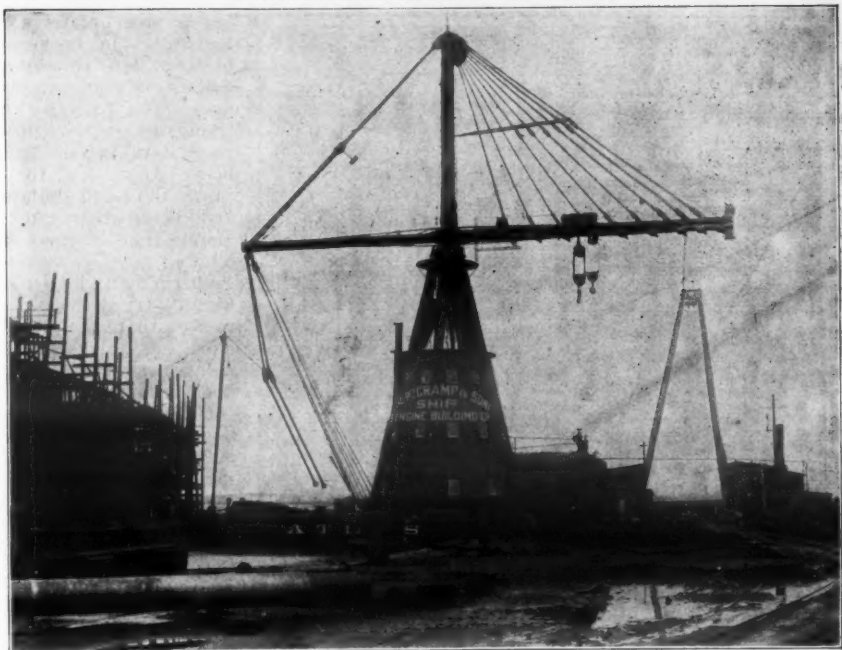
are used for handling and shifting heavy plates, shapes, castings and forgings. The company is also permitted to use the United States dry dock at the League Island Navy Yard, for docking and repairing vessels that may be too large for the company's Palmer street dock.

These facilities enumerated, together with many smaller and auxiliary shops and appliances, constitute a ship yard of a capacity equal to any in the world, and superior to all save two or three of the most important yards in Great Britain. Such a state of development has it reached at present that it is no longer a mere manufactory in private hands, but the greatest naval arsenal in the Western Hemisphere, recognized by the government and the people as a public institution and so of the first importance to the sea-power of the nation.

The entire ship yards are divided into two great general divisions, of which the first is the engineering department, in charge of Edwin S. Cramp, and the second the construction department, under

Mr. Lewis Nixon. By the first all machinery and motive power for the vessels is constructed as well as stationary engines and mining machinery. These include the enormous boiler shop, and the ordnance department. By the second construction of hulls, fittings and all parts of the ship except the motive power are operated. The vast detail of the yard is thus about equally divided. The two general departments are in turn subdivided into forty minor ones, with as many heads of departments, who answer to the chiefs of the general division in all things.

The order in which contracts are executed is simple enough and will make clear in a rough way the great system which regulates the yard. A government or a corporation upon deciding to build a vessel calls for plans and specifications. At the Cramp yards there is a department employing a score of experts whose time is devoted to preparing such plans and specifications. To one department is allotted the task of preparing all specifications of the ship proper exclusive of mo-



The Revolving Crane

tive power. To another, the engineering department, all details of such machinery as will be productive of the greatest speed. Once these plans are accepted and the contract closed, the various manufacturing departments are given orders for such parts of the material as those departments manufacture. The entire ship is parceled out, and the manufacturing proceeds apace. In nearly all cases such parts when completed are stamped with the name of the vessel for which they are intended, and are sent to the company store room, which is a sort of giant wholesale house, with which all departments deal. Here is collected all the materials of which a ship may be constructed. The various manufacturing departments are constantly supplying its counters with every possible articles of use from brass headed tacks and such other small hardware, to immense plates, wheels, boilers and so on. At its counters slips of paper calling for certain material and signed with the name of the head of a department, is substituted for money. There is no direct dealing between any of the departments, and when

anything is desired anywhere, it is always bought at the store.

No sooner is the contract for the construction of a vessel closed, than duplicate specifications are placed in the hands of the officers of construction and the keel is laid. The great stock to hold the hull of the new vessel is begun and hundreds of expert workmen are put to work, laboring according to direction of their superiors. Orders are presented at the store room for everything needed to begin the work, and as that is a source of never-failing supply, the work goes steadily forward. The storeroom may be out of certain materials and of course delay follows, but it is the endeavor of the company to keep its wholesale house constantly ready to supply every demand.

In passing, I should like to indicate the interest which attaches to the business methods employed in this department. I occupied a keg behind the counter for several hours one afternoon, and contemplated the stream of sooty-faced, blue-jacketed, oil stained purchasers, who paid their way with slips of paper. Some



Punching Machine

departed with such things as lamps, oil, brass fixtures, lead, nails, and other such small materials as an individual might carry without overburdening himself. Still others paid in their orders with requests that the goods be delivered at once. One of the orders called for the brass fixtures appropriate to some part of the engine room of the *Alabama* and these the salesman told me were valued at five thousand dollars. They were quickly sent out as one order. An order for the delivery of a num-

ber of steel plates aggregating in cost as high as ten thousand dollars is not uncommon. The business transacted at the company store in one day is seldom less than thirty thousand dollars and very often much more. The stream of buyers is unbroken from morning till night. It is needless to say that the order slips thus taken as money, simplify the book-keeping of the company and serve as vouchers for every dollar's worth of material used.

As a rule the construction of an armored vessel is a work covering a period of four or five years. That of commercial vessels, such as the *St. Louis* and *St. Paul* takes slightly less

than two years. The time required for other vessels varies from six months to two years. At the launching of the steamer



The Blacksmiths' Shop

Miami, which took place in October of last year, the Cramps won laurels, and made a record for building a ship in less time than has ever been known before. The vessel was constructed for Henry M. Flagler, and in less than six months from the time the keel was laid, the vessel was equipped and ready for service. While not as large as some of the transatlantic liners, she is equal, if not superior, in fittings to most of them. The old United States navy which did service during the War of the Rebellion was partially built by the Cramps Company. The famous ironclad steam frigate *New Ironsides*, which was long employed in the blockading fleet off Charleston, was built at the Kensington yard. The monitors *Yazoo* and *Tunxis*, as well as the three thousand five hundred ton steam frigate *Chattanooga*, were also constructed by the Cramps during the war. The famous protected cruisers of to-day were modeled almost exactly on the *New Ironsides*.

Of the new navy the protected cruisers *Baltimore*, *Philadelphia*, *Newark*, *Columbia* and *Minneapolis*; the armored cruisers *New York* and *Brooklyn*, the gunboat *Yorktown*, the dynamite cruiser *Vesuvius*, the battleships *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*

and the sea-going battleship *Iowa*, have been built at and launched from these yards since 1886. There have been as many as five warships in the stocks at one time, with nearly six thousand men at work, and eight million dollars worth of prepared material ready at hand. The *Alabama* now in process of construction is the last on the list—a battleship of the first class.

At the present writing there are but two war vessels in the stocks, though as a rule there are four and five. These are the battleship *Alabama*, being built for the United States Government, and the cruiser *Kasagi*, under construction for Japan. Most of the hull work on these has been finished, and the work of putting in place the steel-protected deck of the *Kasagi* is now being done. The latter is to be completed in December of the present year, while the *Alabama*, owing to the failure of our Government to furnish the armor and its accessories within the time, will be delayed until some time in 1900. The price paid the Cramp Company by Japan for *Kasagi* is two million dollars. That paid by the United States for the *Alabama*, two million six hundred and fifty thousand dollars.



General View of the Yards

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI AND INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION

BY

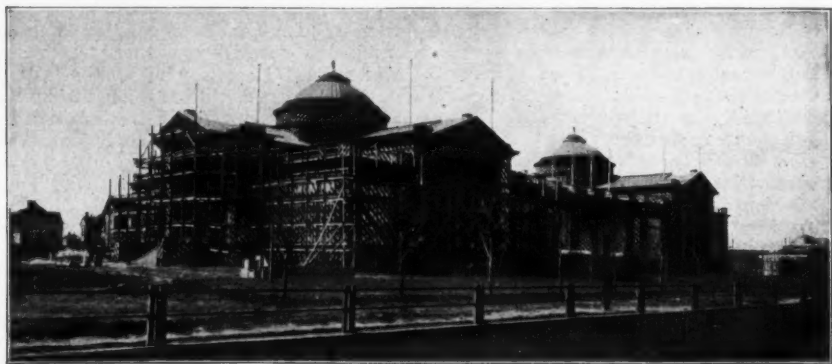
EDMUND STOWE

OMAHA—the chief city of Nebraska and the metropolis of the trans-Mississippi area, is a well-chosen site for the great Exposition that opens there June the first, 1898.

The city lies on a high and gently undulating plateau overlooking the valley of the Missouri river, which at this point is several miles wide, and fringed on the Iowa side by the hills and mesas which

every State in the Union, but the more important countries of Europe, Canada, Mexico and the principal Central and South American States will also have elaborate exhibits.

Omaha has surpassed herself in the matter of this exposition. It is certain that while it is not of such magnificent dimensions as the Columbian Exposition, yet there is no important feature of the



Fine Arts Building

have given cause for the name of Council Bluffs for the sister city over the river. The view of the river valley from Omaha is most impressive. North and south as far as the eye can reach, sweeps the majestic river, bearing on its bosom here and there the steamers and river craft and pleasure boats that give a picturesque beauty to the scene. Topographically, Omaha is a very beautiful city, and for its population it is quite cosmopolitan. The city has now about 150,000 inhabitants, while the trans-Mississippi area (strictly speaking, that territory embracing Nebraska and the States which touch her borders have a population in excess of nine millions).

The Trans-Mississippi Exposition was originally projected to display the manufactures, industries and resources of these States, but its scope has broadened so much that it takes in now not only nearly

latter which will not be in evidence at the Trans-Mississippi, and that in many respects—that is, in point of completeness of exhibits and in beauty of landscape gardening and architectural effects—it will excel the Chicago triumph. But then it must be remembered that the '93 exposition was the first of its kind, and those which have followed have been able to profit by the experience gained at that time. Then, too, the Chicago Fair was rather a world's exposition even from its inception. The primary object of the Trans-Mississippi celebration is essentially to be representative of the progress, the resources and the wealth-producing power of the States, and particularly of those of the Greater West.

From some of the illustrations that accompany this article the magnitude and beauty of the Exposition will be at once apparent, though some of the buildings

have been photographed in a partially-finished condition, because it was necessary, owing to the exigencies of magazine publication, that these pictures be made early in the year.

As one approaches the grounds the scene which greets the eye challenges admiration. The first thing one sees is the gateway, a mighty arch emblematic of the States participating, which fronts the array of massive buildings and forms an imposing entrance. It is modeled upon the great arches of Paris and Milan, and is crowned by a colossal shield, supported by two stalwart genii, with the nation's eagle perched aloft. Within, the scene recalls at once the beauty of the Court of Honor at the Chicago Exposition. An

country are there shown in marvelous and bewildering variety. The Temple of Ceres is an immense edifice; the architecture is classic and it is finished in ivory white. Festoons of cereals and garlands of flowers are thrown into strong relief by being finished in their natural colors, while emblematic statues of heroic size adorn and add the finishing touch of beauty to the grandeur of this splendid building.

The Art Building is a very clever bit of architecture. It is constructed in the form of twin crosses with an airy court between them, somewhat after the Pompeian plan.

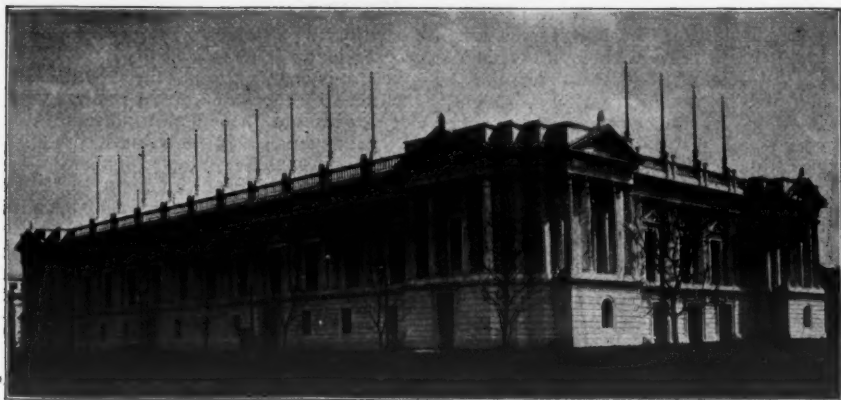
What will undoubtedly attract the largest share of attention in this build-



Music Hall

artificial lagoon stretches out for half a mile on either side of which rise the majestic edifices. At its western end this lagoon widens into a lake, the sides of which describe a perfect trefoil. This has been well named "The Mirror," and facing it, looking down upon the long lagoon stands the beautiful Government building. The main building is surmounted by a colossal dome which will tower far above all the other structures. It will be capped by a heroic figure of "Liberty Enlightening the World," and the distance from the ground to the torch in her hand is 178 feet. Colonnades sweep out from either side of the building, encircle the lake, and connect and form beautiful shaded walks to the adjacent Agricultural and Fine Arts Buildings. The former is of remarkable interest and the products of that wonderful farming

ing is the full-sized reproduction of the world-famous statue; *The Winged Victory of Samothrace*, of which the original is in the Louvre. Frederick Mayer, the commissioner from France to the exposition, has received a special permission from his government for this copy. *The Winged Victory* is one of the most valuable finds of ancient statuary. In 1867 it was exhumed in the valley of Samothrace by a representative of France. Fragment by fragment it was taken out of its grave. These fragments were then exported to the Louvre, where they were put together. About eight years later the gigantic pedestal was discovered, and this was also removed to the Louvre, where pedestal and figure were restored to their original positions as far as possible. The pedestal represents the stony prow of a galley, below which sea waves are repre-

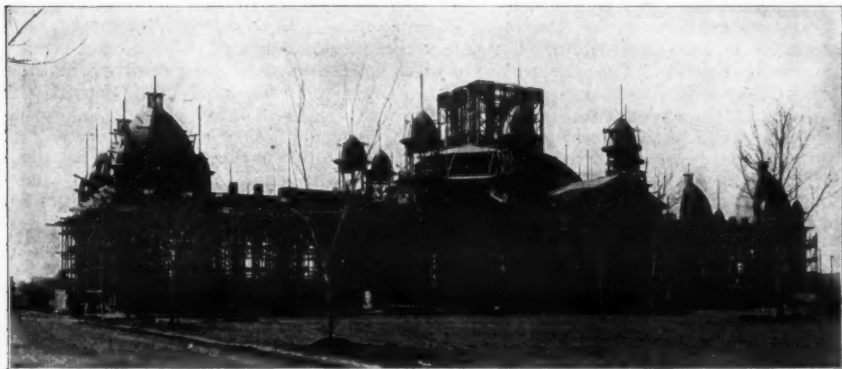


Liberal Arts Building

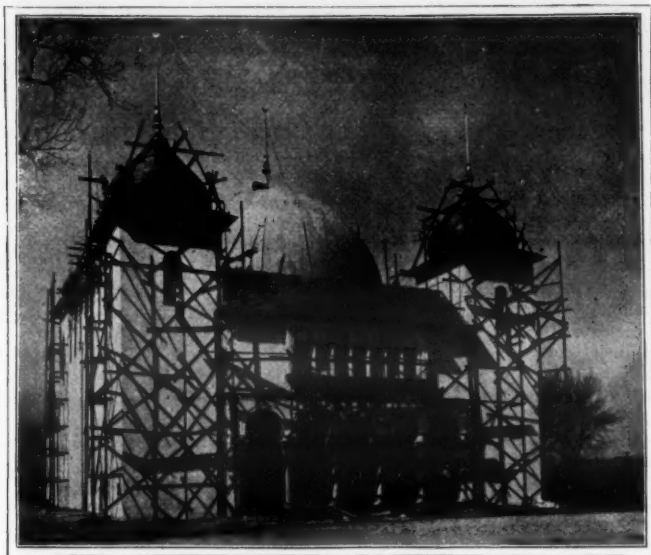
sented by sculpture. The colossal figure, more than double life size, towers above this massive and lofty hulk. The statue is badly mutilated, but it shows a fully draped female figure which has alighted on the prow of a ship, sweeping down with lightning speed, the powerful form with rushing drapery, seeming to force a way for this imposing goddess of victory. The dainty wings of the goddess are extended, and might and power are delineated in every line of the figure and drapery. The figure is of Parian marble, and the exquisite nicety with which every detail is worked out marks this as one of the most remarkable examples of the great genius of the Hellenic sculptors which has ever been discovered. Care-

ful calculations by antiquarians place the origin of the figure in the third century before Christ.

There is no limit to the mineral and geological possibilities of the great West, and the Mines and Mining building contains a complete representation of their wonderful resources, and among the amazing features of the exposition is a splendid showing of the Alaska gold fields. The Electrical Building is the simplest in design, yet one of the most effective on the ground. The Manufactures Building on the other hand is the most imposing. The entrance to the latter is placed beneath a circular dome 150 feet in circumference and 75 feet high. This immense dome is supported by a



Horticultural Building



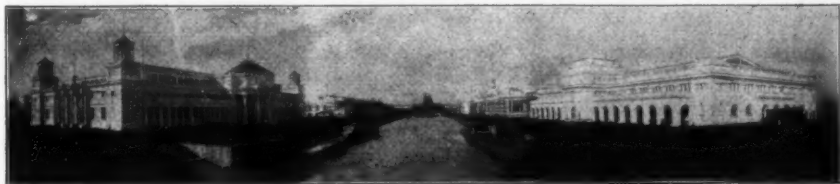
Moorish Palace The Midway

circular row of fluted columns, the space beneath being the vestibule of the grand entrance.

The Horticultural Building is the most unique in design. It also possesses some of the most attractive features of the Exposition. One of these is the chime of the States. From its belfry every evening at sunset a chime will be rung and each bell will represent one of the States, and thus each day from their cavernous mouths they send forth the glad song of unity, peace and liberty, America forever!

To be sure, the Trans-Mississippi Exposition boasts of a midway, with streets of Cairo and a Moorish village. Was ever fair without its midway? And it

was a wise provision on the part of the director who first conceived the idea of such a relaxation to please the sightseers, that have wearied of gazing at the wonderful industrial products of the exhibitors. The eternal squat and flabby dancing women from the Orient, the big, rawboned Turks of incessant cigarette and deafening drum memory, are confident of reaping a goodly grist of shekels. The Wild West Show, the Animals of Haegenbeck, the Cyclorama, the Chutes, and twenty other catch-penny attractions, are equally sure of success; and in themselves constitute a feature which has never been lacking from fairs since the days of Moses, the Buyer of Green Spectacles, and before.



Main Lagoon of the Exposition

FLOATING HOMES OF NAVAL OFFICERS

BY

HENRY HARRISON LEWIS

THE average naval officer while on a three years' cruise is condemned by a beneficent government to spend almost twelve months of his time in a cell not much larger than that occupied by a prisoner at Sing Sing. Probably this view of the case is not taken by the naval officers themselves, but the fact would strike an observant layman, should he visit the officers' quarters on a warship and be inclined to do a little figuring. But it is freely confessed the simile ends there.

The prison cell is severe and sparsely furnished, while the officers' staterooms are models of the cabinet makers' art. They are comfortably furnished and decked out in the direction of luxury with framed photographs and choice bric-a-brac according to the taste of the occupant.

A man-of-war is built primarily for

business, but even a matter-of-fact government like the United States finds it necessary to look after the comforts of its naval officers' floating homes.

The admiral must have quarters befitting his exalted rank and a soft bed upon which to rest his ancient bones. Strict attention must be given to the providing of bookcases, bath rooms, mahogany tables, writing desks, carved sideboards and other articles which are needed afloat as much as in mansions ashore.

The officers' quarters on naval vessels are located aft. They are divided on ordinary ships into three parts, the captain's cabin, the wardroom and the steerage "country." Flagships have still another suite of apartments for the use of the fleet admiral. As there are grades of comfort on passenger steamers and in hotels ashore, so there can be found grades in the interior fittings on board vessels of war.



Captain's Cabin U. S. S. "Yorktown"



Rear-Admiral Walker in his Cabin, U. S. S. "Chicago"

The best hard-wood and finest carving will be found in the cabin of the admiral, while the apartment occupied by the junior officers is given over to cork painted steel bulkheads and mayhap a steam pipe or two. It is the same in the matter of space. The admiral's suite generally consists of four or five rooms, a main cabin, an after cabin, two staterooms and a bathroom; the captain has as many, but smaller; the wardroom officers have each a stateroom and a large apartment devoted to the comfort of all, but the junior officers, the ensigns, naval cadets, assistant surgeon, assistant paymaster, younger engineers and the clerks, all mess and sleep in an apartment not very large at best.

The modern warship is a model of

mechanical ingenuity in more ways than one. The questions ever before naval constructors not only appertain to the meta-centric height of a hull and the penetrative resistance of nickel-steel armor, but also how best can be maintained the health and comfort of the officers and men.

Fresh air is a vital necessity to the human race, and the problem of introducing a sufficient quantity into the lower compartments of a ship has been a vexed one. In the old-time wooden cruisers the simple windsail, a rude contrivance of canvas, was resorted to. Later, such ships as the *Baltimore* and the *Philadelphia* were provided with dozens of iron-hooded ventilators which extended above the deck in unsightly array, but that period is past and the up-to-date battle-



Cabin, U. S. S. "New Hampshire"

ship has a complicated system of electric blowers with conducting tubes leading from every part of the vessel fore and aft. In the illustration "Sweethearts and Wives" will be seen a pipe having an opening guarded by a wire screen. It is the exhaust ventilator.

Electricity plays a great part in the modern man-of-war. It has solved innumerable problems and made possible many wonderful improvements. It furnishes light, heat and power, turns massive turrets, manipulates enormous guns,

is the rule for the members of each mess forward—the enlisted men—to contribute from one to five dollars additional each month per capita, to eke out the menu, and as for the officers their all too slender pay is mulcted to the tune of not less than \$25 or \$30 a month.

Uncle Sam furnishes the servants, crockery and linen, and the officers fill the larder. This may not seem right to the average layman, but that is not all. In addition to providing his own sustenance the naval officer is compelled to en-



"Sweethearts and Wives"

carries messages and works obediently at the command of its master—man. It is a tireless servant, ever on watch, and never known to fail when handled in the proper manner.

The commissary department of a man-of-war is a peculiar institution. The rule of equality so dear to this great republic places officer and man on the same footing. The admiral of the fleet and the newest apprentice boy each receives \$9.30 a month for his maintenance. The apprentice hardly finds it sufficient, in fact, it

tertain out of his own pocket the nation's official guests. When a man-of-war on a cruise drops into a friendly port it is considered necessary to dine and wine every official from the governor down to the captain of the port. To uphold the dignity of the republic, entertainments are given, and the guests are entertained in every possible way.

The brunt of the expense falls upon the admiral or captain, but the wardroom and junior officers must do their share. It is no small item, and when it is taken into

consideration that an ensign's salary is not more than that paid a book-keeper or clerk ashore (\$1400), it will be easily seen that the old saying, "republics are ungrateful" is true. Cases have been known—they only serve to prove the rule—when the Government footed the bills. A meagre sum was doled out for entertainment when the *Brooklyn* visited England during the Queen's Jubilee.

Naval life is not without its romance. There is a glamor and inspiration about the sea that gilds with a sparkling frame the monotonous and sordid details.

Every Saturday night, in port or at sea, after dinner is over, the senior officer present rises in his place, wine glass in hand, and says, tenderly

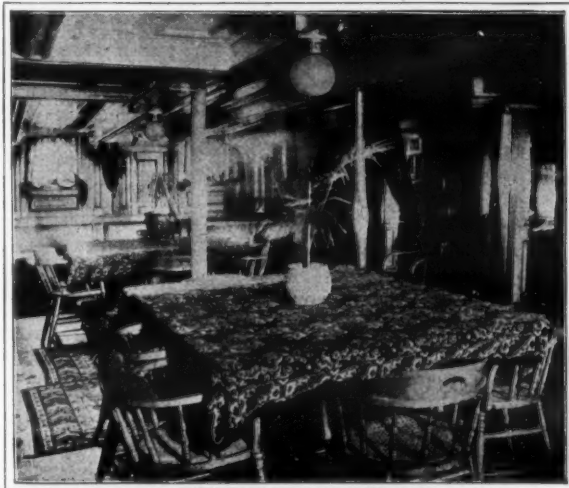


A Wardroom Officer's Stateroom

but with a fervency not to be mistaken: "Gentlemen, sweethearts and wives, God bless them!"

The loved ones at home are never forgotten. In each and every stateroom will be found a framed portrait occupying a prominent position, and scattered about the bulkheads can be seen certain little mementoes eloquent in their silence.

There is in the service to-day an old gray-haired chief engineer whose sole ornament in his stateroom is a pair of tiny, worn-out baby shoes. They hang over his desk in such a position that his eyes fall first on them when he awakes. A gun-boat on the China Station to which he was attached many years ago, was wrecked during a storm. He was compelled to take to a boat in his pajamas, and he barely escaped with his life, but those baby shoes were clutched in his hand when succor finally came.



Wardroom, U. S. S. "Chicago"

TWO PORTRAITS

QUICKLY as the greatest of mortals is forgotten in this rushing world, there are nevertheless some whose memories live fresher and grow more familiar as the period of their days becomes the more remote. The late Frances Willard is preëminent among these: a most remarkable woman at the end of a century of remarkable women—a heroine, whose story never wearies.

In the light of her life's achievement we cannot justly regard her as belonging to any sect or country. Hers was an inspired influence offered to all humanity; to elevate and purify it from the gross evils which are the trammels of progress and the shame of civilization. Frances Willard was born to the mission she so nobly fulfilled; and in the fruition of her efforts is seen the will of God. Although she was a native of this country, and the great labors of her life have been laid among us, it would be selfish to claim her for our own. She belongs to the world. The glory of her work has penetrated to the uttermost part of the earth and will endure forever; for a good deed can



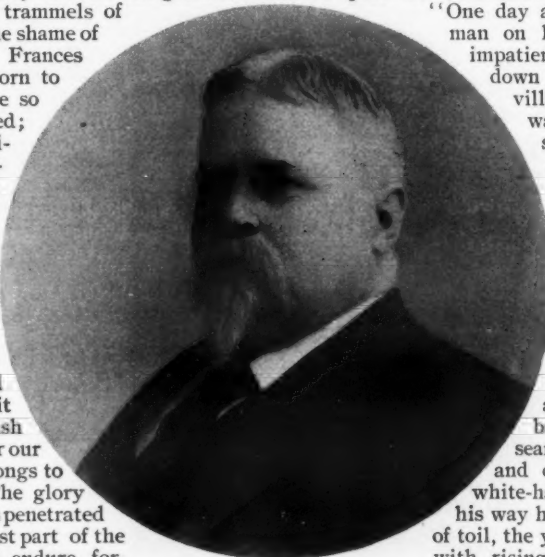
Frances Willard

never be lost and the impress of a noble life is indelible.

A beautiful illustration of her pure and lovely nature, and of the force of character that made her almost angelic, appears in the last lecture delivered by Frances Willard before the World's Women's Christian Temperance Union shortly before her death. Miss

Willard, almost with prescience, it would seem, in the light of events that so soon came to pass, made an eloquent peroration to her lecture in which she referred to "Lives that live on." One cannot do better than quote here, her exact words:

"One day a young nobleman on horseback rode impatiently up and down the streets of a village in Cornwall. He was seeking for a public house where he could get a glass of that concerning which Shakespeare said, 'Alas! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains.' But his search was vain, and coming upon a white-haired peasant on his way home after a day of toil, the young man said, with rising anger: 'Why is it that I cannot get a



Fitzhugh Lee

glass of liquor in this wretched little village?' The old man recognized to whom he was to speak, and taking off his cap made his humble obeisance, and replied: 'My lord, about a hundred years ago a man named John Wesley came to these parts'—and the old peasant walked on. 'A hundred years,' and he was living still, that dauntless, devoted disciple of our Lord! Cornwall has never been the same since John Wesley went there to preach the Gospel of a clear brain and a consecrated heart. Of whom will such great words be spoken when a century has passed in those dear countries of the English-speaking race, from which most of us have come? Who doubts but that in Maine some good man going to his safe and happy home will be saying in answer to some unfriendly wight, vexed because he cannot get his dram, 'A hundred years ago a man named Neal Dow came to these parts!' Who does not believe that in Canada some loyal voice will give the explanation, 'A hundred years ago Letitia Youmans came to these parts!' Verily, comrades, we are building better than we know. It is a holy thing, this influence that reaches on and away into illimitable distance; this coming to be one of the wheels within the wheels that are the wheels of God. For it is said, 'The wheels were full of eyes,' and these eyes are on us when we know it not; they see us when we wake and when we sleep."

So, indeed, shall Frances Willard "live on" so long as the world endures.

The W. N. C. T. U., of which Frances Willard was president for about twenty years, is now the largest and the most powerful women's association in existence. It will be of more than passing interest to retrospect sufficiently to comprehend something of the history and aims of the organization.

It is only about a quarter of a century ago that the first decisive step was made in a movement that was to soon sweep over the country and become an abiding good. It began in 1873 when a wave of temperance propagandism swept over the States. In Ohio it took the form of a popular uprising against the liquor traffic. It was termed "The Women's Whisky War." This movement was started by Dr. Dio Lewis and Mrs. E. T. Thompson, daughter of one of Ohio's former governors. The leading residents of the towns throughout Ohio quickly became

interested and then active workers. They would assemble in some place of worship early in the morning and then after service would march in procession through the streets to the saloons, where singing and prayer would follow, and then the keeper of the saloon would be exhorted to give up his nefarious business. This course met with a great deal of success, and the same tactics were adopted in other States. This temperance movement developed into what was considered a great moral revival.

Miss Willard was just beginning to attract attention to herself about this time by her lectures. She was residing then at Evanston, Ill., which has ever since been her home. She was invited to take part in the movement, and did so at once. She joined in a few of the saloon visitations and made a number of lectures. Such was her eloquence and fervor that she was at once singled out as a woman of superior attainments possessing executive ability and the power of organization in a remarkable degree.

This whisky war was a spontaneous enthusiasm that would have soon nullified by exhaustion all the temporary good accomplished had it not been for the master spirit of Frances Willard. Shortly after her return from Ohio she organized the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union, and for a time she went hungry and penniless in that great city while she struggled for the cause that was so dear to her heart. In 1875 she formed the United States Women's National Christian Temperance Union, and became its secretary. In 1879 she was elected president, which position she held until her death. From the moment she began the organization of the association it might be said that she saw clearly her way, and consecrating her life to the cause she never ceased night or day to labor for her beloved work, and the good she has accomplished is more enduring than any monument that is the handiwork of man.

Something of the extraordinary capacity of this remarkable woman for work will be understood from the fact that during one year she delivered lectures and visited towns and cities in every State and territory in the Union, and traveled by rail, boat, or stage, thirty thousand miles. Miss Willard was the most lovable of women. Gentle, gracious, with all-embracing sympathies, she possessed deli-

cacy and refinement of angelic womanliness that won a sort of adoration from all who knew her. Yet she had an intellectual power and a grasp of business details and an energy that was nothing short of marvelous. It is not so generally known as it should be that her work in foreign countries has been very great, and she has achieved the same distinguished successes abroad that she has met with at home.

Miss Willard labored hard in Great Britain for the same cause. With Lady Henry Somerset she traveled all over the kingdom, making speeches and achieving the greatest successes.

It was due to Miss Willard's efforts that the British Women's Temperance Association was formed.

Miss Willard was born at Churchville, near Rochester, N. Y., September 28th, 1839. She died at the Empire Hotel, New York, after a brief illness, February 17th, 1898, and was cremated, in accordance with her repeatedly expressed wish, at Graceland Cemetery on April 9. The ashes were afterward interred in the family plot at Rosehill Cemetery, in Chicago.

A CONSUL TRIUMPHANT.

FITZHUGH LEE, Consul-General for the United States at Havana, has returned to Washington. His reception is marked with the acclaim and congratulation that reminds one oddly of the joyous clamor which in the days of the Roman republic greeted the consuls on return from a victorious campaign. But Fitzhugh Lee's home-coming lacks all the barbarous splendor of the latter; and he is received with honor and approbation because he has well fulfilled a mission not less of mercy than diplomacy.

The Spanish-American crisis is by far the most momentous question that has engaged our Government since more than thirty years. At this writing it is the matter of only a few hours whether war will be declared between this land of freedom and the senile kingdom of tyranny and treachery. We cannot know all that is in the heart of our chief magistrate; but we do know that within it the nation's honor lies secure. The attitude assumed by the administration at Washington has been eminently satisfactory to the reflective American mind. It has been conservative and dignified, yet when occasion demanded it has not lacked an emphatic and vigorous stroke of policy.

The sentiment known to exist, but long indefinable, that war was a possibility between this country and Spain by reason of our interference in the Cuban tragedy began to take a strong actuality in the first months of this year by a singular concatenation of disastrous events. The war scare that followed was, after all, but the froth that arises from the ebullition of popular clamor fed by the rising gorge of pest-house journals. It is true that the great heart of the American people pulsates with a deep and abiding sympathy for the struggling Cuban patriots. If for any cause it were necessary to issue a call to arms, the cry would sweep over the land as the sound of one voice, and, ere the echo could die away, a million willing hands would have dropped their employment—the tiller of the fields, the clerk at his desk, the mechanic at his bench—each would have laid down his tools and offered his services to his country.

Nations have made war over very slight pretexts, no doubt; for less cause in some instances than exists at the present. It is true that the Spanish are fiery and impulsive; it is barely possible they may precipitate a war; but this could happen only after every fair and honest means of adjustment of the difficulty had been employed by our government, and had failed. Our men of state possess too exalted a character, too sane a judgment and too noble a Christianity to lend an ear to the whisperings of war, unless it shall affect the life of our people or our national honor.

We have had an excellent exemplification of this high character and ability which compose our government, in our consul-general at Havana, Fitzhugh Lee. A less able servant would likely have involved us in war ere this. But General Lee was most conspicuously the right man in the right place. His policy has been vigorous, yet dignified, and he has outgeneraled the wily Spanish captain-general in all the trying situations that have arisen. He has evinced admirable tact, prudence, and judgment, together with a fearlessness and courage that invariably carry a point in our favor.

Macaulay has said that great men always exist everywhere, but it is the event which makes their greatness known. They would not have been less great had opportunities not presented themselves,

but their greatness is made patent by fortuitous circumstances. It is true. It is ever the crises of a nation's history that have marked her great men and discovered them. It is the lot of man to build and plan his fortunes, and happy chance with a modicum of ability place many in a position which they are ill-fitted to grace. Especially is this true of men who are the architects of their own fortunes in the political arena.

We have ever been singularly fortunate in having at command and occupying the chief offices of government men of most sterling merit, capable in action, astute in statecraft, inviolable in honor; with patriotism, fidelity and intrepidity such as were needed for the safeguard and to the fulfillment of the grand and manifest destiny of these United States. From the beginning, far back in the tenebrous days of '76, when the dawn of a new liberty was first breaking for this God-chosen republic of the Western hemisphere, through all our brief but stirring history, our career as a people is marked by the giants of intellectual force in every walk of life.

Fitzhugh Lee will have achieved a distinct and honored position in the history of our country by reason of his service as consul-general at Havana during Cuba's struggle for freedom and justice. Not that he needs, however, any such special distinction. The Lees of Virginia have been makers of history always. General Henry Lee was a warrior bold and a picturesque figure in the Revolution. He rendered excellent service to his chief, being held in high esteem by Washington. His sons inherited the martial spirit of their father. The second, Sydney Smith Lee, became a captain in the United States Navy, and was fleet-captain of Commodore Perry's squadron when it opened Japan to the world and Western civilization. The third son, Robert Edward, entered the army.

Fitzhugh Lee is the son of Captain

Sydney Smith Lee. At the time of the civil war there were five Lees in the army, and though they fought on the side of the lost cause, they conducted themselves gallantly and with distinction. Fitzhugh Lee, however, had achieved a brilliant reputation in the regular army. As lieutenant to the Second United States Cavalry, to which he graduated in 1856, he went at once to the West to fight the Indians. He had some very narrow escapes while Indian fighting. He has related how, upon one occasion, when out scouting, he dismounted, the better to follow the trail of a Comanche who had taken to the brush. As he passed along a ravine the Indian dropped upon his back from a place of concealment above, and in an instant bore him down. The Indian was a famous warrior chief and a noted fighter. He attempted to draw his knife, but Lee seized his right arm in time to prevent its use. It was impossible for Lee to draw his revolver while holding the Indian's arms. The buck was an immense fellow, and from sheer brute strength was rapidly getting the best of Lee. Then the latter bethought him of his gymnastic training. Like a flash he released the Indian's right arm and dealt in rapid succession two fierce blows in the face of the chief, which sent him to the ground. It was then but the work of an instant to whip the Colt's revolver from his belt and put two bullets in the chief before he could rise from the ground.

After the civil war Lee settled down to a very quiet country life in Stafford County, Va. In 1875 he began to take an active interest in politics, and in 1885 he was elected governor of Virginia. It was at the beginning of 1896 that President Cleveland appointed him consul-general to Havana. President McKinley, recognizing his ability and fitness for the trying position, saw no occasion to make any change, and his confidence in the man has been well rewarded.



THE DUCHY OF DEODONATO*

BY
ANTHONY HOPE

"It is a most anxious thing to be an absolute ruler," said Duke Deodonato, "but I have made up my mind. The doctor has convinced me" (here Dr. Fusbius, Ph. D., bowed very low) "that marriage is the best, noblest, wholesomest, and happiest of human conditions."

"Your highness will remember——" began the president of the council.

"My lord, I have made up my mind," said Duke Deodonato.

Thus speaking, the duke took a large sheet of foolscap paper, and wrote rapidly for a moment or two.

"There," he said, pushing the paper over to the president, "is the decree."

"The decree, sir?"

"I think three weeks afford ample space," said Duke Deodonato.

"Three weeks, sir?"

"For every man over twenty-one years of age in this duchy to find himself a wife."

"Your highness," observed Dr. Fusbius, with deference, "will consider that between an abstract proposition and a practical measure——"

"There is to the logical mind no stopping place," interrupted Duke Deodonato.

"But, sir," cried the president, "imagine the consternation which this——"

"Let it be gazetted to-night," said Duke Deodonato.

"I would venture," said the president, "to remind your highness that you are yourself a bachelor."

"Laws," said Duke Deodonato, "do not bind the crown unless the crown is expressly mentioned."

"True, sir; but I humbly conceive that it would be *pessimi exempli*——"

"You are right; I will marry myself," said Duke Deodonato.

"But, sir, three weeks! The hand of a princess cannot be requested and granted in——"

"Then find me somebody else," said Deodonato; "and pray leave me. I would be alone;" and Duke Deodonato waved his hand to the door.

Outside the door the president said to the doctor: "I could wish, sir, that you had not convinced his highness."

"My lord," rejoined the doctor, "truth is my only preoccupation."

"Sir," said the president, "are you married?"

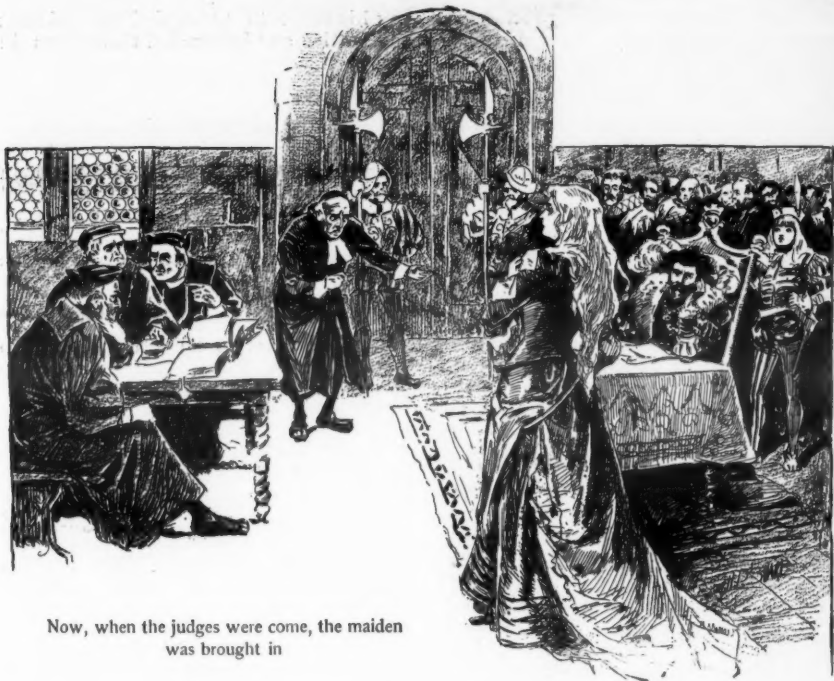
"My lord," answered the doctor, "I am not."

"I thought not," said the president, as he folded up the decree and put it in his pocket.



"This is very tiresome," said he, knitting his brows

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Now, when the judges were come, the maiden was brought in

It is useless to deny that Duke Deodonato's decree caused considerable disturbance in the duchy. In the first place, the crown lawyers raised a puzzle of law. Did the word "man" as used in the decree, include "woman?" The president shook his head, and referred the question to his highness.

"It seems immaterial," observed the duke. "If a man marries, a woman marries."

"*Ex vi terminorum*," assented the doctor.

"But, sir," said the president, "there are more women than men in the duchy." Duke Deodonato threw down his pen.

"This is very provoking," said he. "Why was it allowed? I'm sure it happened before I came to the throne."

The doctor was about to point out that it could hardly have been guarded against, when the president (who was a better courtier) anticipated him.

"We did not foresee that your highness, in your highness' wisdom, would issue this decree," he said, humbly.

"True," said Duke Deodonato, who was a just man.

"Would your highness vouchsafe any explanation——"

"What are the judges for?" asked Duke Deodonato. "There is the law—let them interpret it."

Whereupon the judges held that a "man" was not a "woman," and that although every man must marry, no woman need.

"It will make no difference," said the president.

"None at all," said Dr. Fusbius.

Nor, perhaps, would it, seeing that women are ever kind and in no way by nature averse from marriage, had it not become known that Duke Deodonato himself intended to choose a wife from the ladies of his own dominions, and to choose her (according to the advice of Dr. Fusbius, who, in truth, saw little whither his counsel would in the end carry the duke) without regard to such adventitious matters as rank or wealth, and purely for her beauty, talent, and virtue.

Which resolve being proclaimed, straightway all the ladies of the duchy, of whatsoever station, calling, age, appearance, wit, or character, conceiving each of them that she, and no other, should become the duchess, sturdily refused all offers of marriage (although they were many of them as desperately enamored as virtuous ladies may be), and did naught else than walk, drive, ride, and display their charms in the park before the windows of the ducal palace. And thus it fell out that when a week had gone by, no man had obeyed Duke Deodonato's decree, and they were, from sheer want of brides, like to fall into contempt of the law and under the high displeasure of the duke.

Upon this the president and Dr. Fusbius sought audience of his highness and humbly laid before him the unforeseen obstacle which had occurred.

"Woman is ever ambitious," said Dr. Fusbius.

"Nay," corrected the president, "they have seen his highness' person as his highness has ridden through the city."

Duke Deodonato threw down his pen.

"This is very tiresome," said he, knitting his brows. "My lord, I would be further advised on this matter. Return at the same hour to-morrow."

The next day, Duke Deodonato's forehead had regained its customary smoothness, and his manner was tranquil and assured.

"Our pleasure is," said he to the president, "that, albeit no woman shall be compelled to marry if so be that she be not invited thereunto; yet, if bidden, she shall in no wise refuse, but straightway espouse that man who first after the date of these presents shall solicit her hand."

The president bowed admiration.

"It is, if I may humbly say so, a practical and wise solution, sir," he said.

"I apprehend that it will remedy the mischief," said Duke Deodonato, not ill pleased.

And doubtless it would have had an effect altogether satisfactory, excellent, beneficial, salutary, and universal as the wisdom of Duke Deodonato had anticipated from it, had it not fallen out that, on the promulgation of the decree, all the aforesaid ladies of the duchy, of whatsoever station, calling, age, appearance, wit, or character, straightway, and so swiftly that no man had time wherein to

pay his court to them, fled to and shut and bottled and barricaded themselves in houses, castles, cupboards, cellars, stables, lofts, churches, chapels, chests, and every other kind of receptacle whatsoever, and there remained beyond reach of any man, be he whom he would, lest haply one, coming, should ask their hand in marriage, and thus they should lose all prospect of wedding the duke.

When Duke Deodonato was apprised of this lamentable action on the part of the ladies of the duchy, he frowned and laid down his pen.

"This is very annoying," said he. "There appears to be a disposition to thwart our endeavors for the public good."

"It is gross contumacy," said Dr. Fusbius.

"Yet," remarked the president, "inspired by a natural, if ill-disciplined, admiration for his highness' person."

"The decree is now a fortnight old," observed Duke Deodonato. "Leave me. I will consider further of this matter."

Now even as his highness spoke a mighty uproar arose under the palace windows, and Duke Deodonato, looking out of the window (which, be it remembered, but for the guidance of Heaven he might not have done), beheld a maiden of wonderful charms struggling in the clutches of two halberdiers of the guard, who were haling her off to prison.

"Bring hither that damsel," said Deodonato.

Presently the damsel, still held by the soldiers, entered the room. Her robe was dishevelled and rent, her golden hair hung loose on her shoulders, and her eyes were full of tears.

"At whose suit is she arrested?" asked Deodonato.

"At the suit of the most learned Dr. Fusbius, may it please your highness."

"Sir," said Dr. Fusbius, "it is true. This lady, grossly contemning your highness' decree, has refused my hand in marriage."

"Is it true, damsel?" asked Duke Deodonato.

"Hear me, your highness!" answered she. "I left my dwelling but an instant, for we were in sore straits for—"

"Bread?" asked Deodonato, a touch of sympathy in his voice.

"May it please your highness, no—pins wherewith to fasten our hair. And, as I

ran to the merchant's, this aged man——"

"I am but turned of fifty," interrupted Fusbius.

"And have not yet learned silence!" asked Deodonato, severely. "Damsel, proceed!"

"Caught me by my gown as I ran, and——"

"I proposed marriage to her," said Fusbius.

"Nay, if you proposed marriage, she shall marry you," said Deodonato. "By the crown of my fathers, she shall marry you! But what said he, damsel?"

"May it please your highness, he said that I had the prettiest face in all the duchy, and that he would have no wife but me; and thereupon he kissed me; and I would have none of him, and I struck him and escaped."

"Send for the judges," said Duke Deodonato. "And meanwhile keep this damsel and let no man propose marriage to her until our pleasure be known."

Now, when the judges were come, and the maiden was brought in and set over against them on the right hand, and the learned doctor took his stand on the left, Deodonato prayed the judges that they would perpend carefully and anxiously of the question—using all lore, research, wisdom, discretion, and justice—whether Dr. Fusbius had proposed marriage unto the maiden or no.

"Thus shall our mind be informed, and we shall deal profitably with this matter," concluded Duke Deodonato.

Upon which arose great debate. For there was one part of the learned men which leaned upon the letter and found no invitation to marriage in the words of Dr. Fusbius; while another part would have it that in all things the spirit and mind of the utterer must be regarded, and that it sorted not with the years, virtues, learning, and position of the said most learned doctor to suppose that he had spoken such words and sealed the same with a kiss, save under the firm impression, thought, and conviction that he was offering his hand in marriage; which said impression, thought, and conviction were fully and reasonably declared and evident in his actions, manner, bearing, air, and conduct.

"This is very perplexing," said Duke Deodonato, and he knit his brows; for as he gazed upon the beauty of the damsel, it seemed to him a thing unnatural, un-

desirable, unpalatable, unpleasant, an unendurable, that she should wed Dr. Fusbius.

Yet if such were the law—Duke Deodonato sighed, and he glanced at the damsel; and it chanced that the damsel glanced at Duke Deodonato, and, seeing that he was a proper man and comely, and that his eye spoke his admiration of her, she blushed; and her cheek that had gone white when those of the judges who favored the learned doctor were speaking, went red as a rose again, and she strove to order her hair, and to conceal the rent that was in her robe. And Duke Deodonato sighed again.

"My lord," he said to the president, "we have heard these wise and erudite men; and, for as much as the matter is difficult, they are divided among themselves, and the staff whereon we leaned is broken. Speak, therefore, your mind."

Then the president of the council looked earnestly at Duke Deodonato, but the duke veiled his face with his hand.

"Answer truly," said he, "without fear or favor. So shall you fulfill our pleasure."

And the president, looking round upon the company, said:

"It is, your highness, by all reasonable, honest, just, proper, and honorable intendment, as good, sound, full, and explicit an offer of marriage as hath ever been had in this duchy."

"So be it," said Duke Deodonato; and Dr. Fusbius smiled in triumph, while the maiden grew pale again.

"And," pursued the president, "it binds, controls, and rules every man, woman, and child in these your highness' dominions, and hath the force of law over all."

"So be it," said Deodonato again.

"Saving," added the president, "your highness only."

There was a movement among the company.

"For," pursued the president, "by the ancient laws, customs, manners, and observances of the duchy, no decree or law shall in any way whatsoever impair, alter, lessen, or derogate from the high rights, powers, and prerogatives of your highness, whom may Heaven long preserve. Although, therefore, it be, by and pursuant to your highness' decree, the sure right of every man in this duchy to be accepted in marriage of any damsel



"If you were an archangel!"

whom he shall invite thereunto, yet is this right in all respects subject to and controlled by the natural, legal, inalienable, unalterable, and sovereign prerogative of your highness to marry what damsel soever it shall be your pleasure to bid share your throne. Hence I, in obedience to your highness' commands, pronounce and declare that this damsel is lawfully and irrevocably bound and affianced to the learned Dr. Fusbius, unless and until it shall please your highness yourself to demand her hand in marriage. May what I have spoken please your highness!"

And the president sat down.

Duke Deodonato sat a while in

thought, and there was silence in the hall. Then he spoke:

"Let all withdraw, saving the damsel only."

And they one and all withdrew, and Duke Deodonato was left alone with the damsel.

Then he arose and gazed long on the damsel; but the damsel would not look on Duke Deodonato.

"How are you called, lady?" asked Duke Deodonato.

"I am called Dulcissima," said she.

"Well named!" said Deodonato softly, and he went to the damsel, and he laid his hand, full gently, on her robe, and he said:

"Dulcissima, you have the prettiest face in all the duchy, and I will have no wife but you;" and Duke Deodonato kissed the damsel.

The damsel forbore to strike Duke Deodonato, as she had struck Dr. Fusbius. Again her cheek went red, and again pale, and she said:

"I wed no man on compulsion."

"Madam, I am your sovereign," said Duke Deodonato; and his eyes were on the damsel.

"If you were an archangel——" cried the damsel.

"Our house is not wont to be scorned of ladies," said Deodonato. "Am I crooked, or base born, or a fool?"

"This day in your duchy women are slaves, and men their masters by your will," said she.

"It is the order of nature," said Deodonato.

"It is not my pleasure," said the damsel.

Then Deodonato laid his hand on his silver bell, for he was very angry.

"Fusbius waits without," said he.

"I will wed him and kill him," cried Dulcissima.

Deodonato gazed on her.

"You had no chance of using the pins," said he, "and the rent in your gown is very sore."

And upon this the eyes of the damsel lost their fire and sought the floor; and she plucked at her girdle, and would not look on Deodonato. And they said outside:

"It is very still in the hall of the duke."

Then said Deodonato:

"Dulcissima, what would you?"

"That you repeal your decrees," said she.

Deodonato's brow grew dark; he did not love to go back.

"What I have decreed, I have decreed," said he.

"And what I have resolved, I have resolved," said she.

Deodonato drew near to her.

"And if I repeal the decrees?" said he.

"You will do well," said she.

"And you will wed——"

"Whom I will," said she.

Deodonato turned to the window, and for a space he looked out; and the damsel smoothed her hair and drew her robe, where it was whole, across the rent; and she looked on Deodonato as he stood, and her bosom rose and fell. And she prayed a prayer that no man heard, or, if he heard, might be so base as to tell. But she saw the dark locks of Deodonato's hair and his form, straight as an arrow, and tall as a six-foot wand, in the window. And again, outside, they said:

"It is strangely still in the hall of the duke."

Then Deodonato turned, and he pressed with his hand on the silver bell, and straightway the hall was filled with the councilors, the judges, and the halberdiers, attentive to hear the will of Deodonato and the fate of the damsel. And the small eyes of Fusbius glowed, and the calm eyes of the president smiled.

"My cousins, gentlemen, and my faithful guard," said Deodonato, "time, which is Heaven's mighty instrument, brings counsel! Say! what the duke has done, shall any man undo?"

Then cried they all, save one:

"No man!"

And the president said:

"Saving the duke."

"The decrees which I made," said Deodonato, "I unmake. Henceforth let men and maidens in my duchy marry or not marry as they will, and God give them joy of it."

And all, save Fusbius, cried "Amen!" But Fusbius cried:

"Your highness, it is demonstrated beyond cavil; ay, to the satisfaction of your highness——"

"This is very tedious," said

Deodonato. "Let him speak no more!"

And again he drew near to Dulcissima, and there, before them all, he fell on his knee. And a murmur ran through the hall.

"Madam," said Deodonato, "if you love me, wed me. And, if you love me not, depart in peace and in honor; and I, Deodonato, will live my life alone."

Then the damsel trembled, and barely did Deodonato catch her words:

"There are many men here," said she.

"It is not given to princes," said Deodonato, "to be alone. Nevertheless, if you will, leave me alone."

And the damsel bent low, so that the breath of her mouth stirred the hair on Deodonato's head, and he shivered as he knelt.

"My prince and my king!" said she.

And Deodonato shot to his feet, and before them all he kissed her, and, turning, spoke:

"As I have wooed, let every man in this duchy woo. As I have won, let every man that is worthy win. For, unless he



"Madam," said Deodonato, "if you love me, wed me."

so woo, and unless he so win, vain is his wooing, and vain is his winning, and a fig for his wedding, say I, Deodonato! I, that was Deodonato, and now am—Deodonato and Dulcissima."

And a great cheer rang out in the hall, and Fusbius fled to the door; and they tore his gown as he went and cursed him for a knave. But the president raised his voice aloud and cried:

"May Heaven preserve your highnesses—and here's a blessing on all windows!"

And that is the reason why you will

find (if you travel there, as I trust you may, for nowhere are the ladies fairer or the men so gallant) more windows in the duchy of Deodonato than anywhere in the wide world besides. For the more windows, the wider the view; and the wider the view, the more pretty damsels do you see; and the more pretty damsels you see, the more jocund a thing is life—and that is what the men of the duchy love—and not least, Duke Deodonato, whom, with his bride Dulcissima, may Heaven long preserve!

MULVANEY REGRETS

BY

RUDYARD KIPLING

Attind ye lasses av swate Parnasses,

An' woipe me burnin' tears away;

For I'm declinin' a chanst av dinin'

Wid the boys at Yale on the fourteenth May.

The leadin' fayture will be liter-ature

(Av a moral nature, as is just an' right),

For their light an' leadin' are engaged in readin'

Me immortal worruks from dawn till night.

They've made a club there an' staked out grub there,

Wid plates an' dishes in a joyous row;

An' they'd think ut splindid if I attinded.

An' so would I—but I cannot go.

The honest fact is that daily practice

Av rowlin' inkpots the same as me,

Conshumes me hours, in the muses' bowers,

And laves me divil a day to spree.

Whin you grow oulder and skin your shoulder

At the world's great wheel in your chosen line,

Ye'll find your chances as time advances

For takin' a lark are as slim as mine.

But I'm digressin'—accept my blessin'

An' remimber what ould King Solomon said;

'That youth is ructionous an' whisky's fluctious,

An' there's nothin' certain but the mornin' head.

STRATEGY IN MODERN WARFARE

BY

A GRADUATE OF WEST POINT

LATENT in the brain of some American soldier, or perhaps some few American soldiers, is the all-important scheme of American battle tactics for this generation of our countrymen. Partially devised it may be, though secret and as yet lacking proof of its soundness. In fact, the contestants in the alluring game of war must play it before they know how to play it. They must learn in the playing. "The rules of movement," to coin a phrase, have been devised by a board of undoubtedly competent officers, and issued under the name of "drill regulations." But these are developed for small bodies of men, comparatively, and the general in command of an American army will have to depend to-day more upon his individual genius than ever before. Magazine rifles of immense power, machine guns, quick-firing cannon and wonderfully effective field artillery have so changed the conditions of the modern battlefield that one can but speculate upon the probabilities of the game. And what is of more importance, with American inventive genius turned into the direction of war upon land and sea, the conditions are not only changed, but will be continually chang-

ing, and it is moderately safe to say that we will be experimenting as much in the last battle of a modern war as in the first.

It is hardly possible that war with Spain will develop our tactics, strategy or generals to any great extent. No one sufficiently informed in military matters can for a moment compare the Spanish soldier even with American militia. And small as our standing army is, well-informed military men the world over know that it is more than a match for many times its number of Spanish troops. In fact, there hardly exists a like number of men so well trained, well fed, and, what is of greater importance, well officered, in all the world. A battle or a dozen battles in Cuba will not develop our strength to its utmost. Even an invasion of Spain would not do so. Our strength lies in fighting on our own ground, on battlefields as large, comparatively, as our nation. Ours is a land of magnificent distances. We alone know how to transport and feed our troops upon it. An invading general would find his right wing in battle so far from his left that he himself would be lost before his battle was. Our eager professional soldiers would pine for

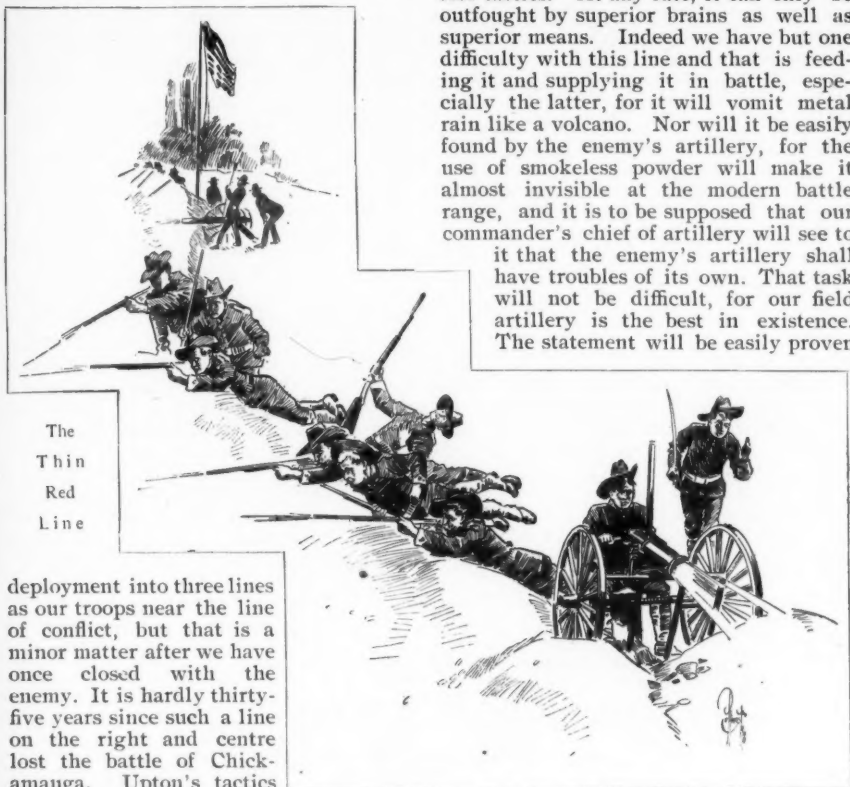


Smokeless powder will make the whereabouts of an enemy almost a mystery

trouble with a nation rash enough to invade us.

The general scheme of American battle tactics as laid down by the tactical board is a line of men fighting shoulder to shoulder. We approach the fight in double ranks, but eventually deploy in single rank so that any body of our soldiers fights a line twice the length of its front in double rank. Of course there is the

would be willing to go out of business after seeing it in action. As a matter of fact, such a line behind the rudest entrenchments it has time to throw together, is, with modern guns, invincible. Neither cavalry nor infantry, even in overwhelming numbers, could get near it by a mere desperate charge. Provided with food and ammunition, such a line can be driven only by artillery or superior tactics. At any rate, it can only be outfought by superior brains as well as superior means. Indeed we have but one difficulty with this line and that is feeding it and supplying it in battle, especially the latter, for it will vomit metal rain like a volcano. Nor will it be easily found by the enemy's artillery, for the use of smokeless powder will make it almost invisible at the modern battle range, and it is to be supposed that our commander's chief of artillery will see to it that the enemy's artillery shall have troubles of its own. That task will not be difficult, for our field artillery is the best in existence. The statement will be easily proven



The
Thin
Red
Line

deployment into three lines as our troops near the line of conflict, but that is a minor matter after we have once closed with the enemy. It is hardly thirty-five years since such a line on the right and centre lost the battle of Chickamauga. Upton's tactics had not been completely developed then and now they are obsolete. Our old "line of skirmishers" has disappeared and in their place we have the "line of squads" modelled after the "line of sections" of European armies. With this line of squads we advance upon the enemy. With a line thrice as thin as the famous "thin red line" of Waterloo we close with him to the death. Napoleon or Frederick would smile in amusement upon seeing such a line of battle. They

to an old soldier by merely mentioning the facts that our breechloading rifled field piece recoils fifteen feet at a discharge, its accuracy is mathematical and the ammunition provided for it perfect.

We have, therefore, changed our tactics as often as required by the Napoleonic maxim. We have been even more radical than the Europeans, for we do not expect to fight upon such a military chess board as Europe is. The strategy of our gen-

erals we do not know, and we doubt if they know it themselves, but we are satisfied that the men and the brains will be on hand when wanted, and we are not necessarily at a disadvantage on this account. The rank and file alone can we discuss, and when once trained they are the best in the world. That we are not better prepared to arm them is a national misfortune.

If the conditions of warfare are new to our generals, however, they will be startlingly original to the minor officers and privates. According to the ancients, nations increased their bravery as they shortened their weapons, but our next great war will disprove this. Nothing requires a firmer courage than facing the mysteriously dangerous. In a hand-to-hand fight the brute instinct comes to the rescue of the intellect and men fight like gladiators who ordinarily have too much fine feeling to drown a kitten. There will be little enough of personal combat in a future war under ordinary conditions. The zone of fire has increased to such an extent that the opposing lines of battle will be almost invisible to each other. Smokeless powder will make the whereabouts of an enemy almost a mystery, and men will be shot down who fancy themselves as safe as though they were in their own parlors at home. The



And dynamite will drop from the air

modern soldier will stand in a hail of bullets and often be unable to tell even from what direction they come. Rapid firing guns will open upon him and sweep him from existence before he has time to change his position. And at shorter ranges machine guns will do the same things even more disastrously. Mines will explode at his feet and dynamite drop from the air. It will take a courage superior to anything ever known to face all this, and we shall have a display of a more exalted heroism than ever. Modern warfare will see much less of the "Hurrah, boys," and a great deal more

of the "Keep cool, boys." And the duties of the picket and sentry will be more important and dangerous still. The cavalry will be used still more as eyes and ears, and still less as arms and legs, and the sabre will be used only in cases of accident, just as the bayonet will be useful only on guard duty. The perfected methods for using the telegraph, telephone, searchlight and balloon upon the field of battle leaves only one problem of convenience unsolved. That is a portable railway or the equivalent of it for the use of the commissary, quartermaster's and ordnance departments.

THE CHILD WONDER

BY

IZOLA L. FORRESTER

"TUPPER always put her down on the bills as the Child Wonder, and some way we had fallen into the habit of calling her it off the stage, too. She was only a kid, anyway. A little thin wisp of a thing with a white face and big eyes, like a poster girl; but ye gods! couldn't she hoof it. Talk about your dancers nowadays, your 'Las' this and your 'itas' that, you should have seen little Tupper dance the dollars into Tupper's pocket that last season down South. I've seen her start in with a plain jig, and set your blood a-racing until you just had to either get out or join in, one of the two, and then she'd end up with a sort of all around daisy twirl that would make your hair curl. She didn't need any revolving mirrors or fifty yard skirts to make a hit those days!

"She was Tupper's first wife's girl. Dolly De Voe, who was shot in that affair on the Coast. Some idiot was in love with the prima donna, and shot from a box to kill. Dolly happened to be in range, and after the curtain was down, they carried her into the dressing-room to kiss the kid, asleep in the till of the trunk, before she died.

"Tupper was getting a divorce, and when they shipped the baby and Dolly to him, he buried the girl, and introduced the Child Wonder in his new play as the waif. Made a hit? Well, I should say yes. Why, when Tupper was singing 'Baby and I are Alone,' he owed the whole thing to the way that youngster used to follow him on, and look at the audience with her big eyes. Talk about a head for business. That fellow knows just what item'll strike the house every time. Like the pile he made on that dog-song down in Florida. Not a point in it until he got a crazy, wild-eyed cur dog to keep him company. Same principle, don't you see, worked out on the Wonder.

"She was a queer one off the stage, too. Not a word from her, day in, day out, on steady one night stands, barn-storming through the little jay towns down in Kansas and those God-forsaken

holes. She was about thirteen, I guess, then, and after the show, when Tupper was filling up in some saloon, she'd get their trunks packed, and go hustle him out for the train along two and three in the morning. Many's the time when we rode in a caboose at the tail end of a cattle train, have I lifted her in my arms and tossed her into the brakeman's berth for forty winks before we got in town.

"But just as soon as she left the wings of a night she was a different girl. The color would come in her cheeks under the rouge, and her eyes would shine as she kept time to the entrance music, and as soon as her toes touched the sand she was right there, you bet.

"I guess that's all the fun she had. Once Dell Morton gave her a cigarette and told her to smoke it, and the kid flared up and gave Morton a regular blast. Then after a while she took to praying. Some Salvation girl got a hold of her, and she used to pray everywhere. And you know us professionals aren't much that way. Hurrah for to-day. God look after to-morrow, and the devil take care of yesterday, that's about how it goes. Once I saw her praying while she was dancing, and I asked her what she did it for.

" 'I always do,' she said. 'I ask God to make them like it.'

"A man in it? Yes, later. She was fifteen, and he came on for the juvenile business. Ward Osborn, you know. He's on the other side now, with Etelka, but those days Telka was a dago brat on the Bowery, and little Tupper loved him. He? Not a bit. You see she wasn't very pretty for a fact. Artistic, and good eyes, but for the rest even the make-up never helped her. She played a soubrette part, I remember, and they had a rattling good scene together where she had to kiss him. The very first night that I saw her do it, I knew how that plot would run. So did Osborn. He was young then, and stuck on himself, and she was kind of different from the rest. That always takes a man. I guess he felt toward her like one does

to a stray cat that looks up at you and jumps on your lap. Most any one would pat it even if it was homely.

"Tupper never wasted a thought on the girl. Perhaps he didn't care what it was as long as it made her bright-eyed and catchy for the stage. I tell you it was just sickening to see her. She'd never take her eyes off Osborn, and the look of them was a holy terror. She didn't pray along there. And then one night, he told her he was going to leave for New York for a better engagement. It was after the show, and I heard him. She never shed a tear. He closed that night, and the next morning Tupper was raving drunk. We made a big jump and traveled all day, but he never let up, and by the time the curtain went up he couldn't have told a property baby from Hamlet's ghost. He had to do a turn with the Child Wonder, just a few steps and some gags, topped off with a sort of trapeze affair. It had been introduced to show a trick of Tupper's wrist that had made him famous with the old 'Greatest Show on Earth,' back in the sixties, and

the girl was a winger at it, too. I saw that he was shaking like gas light in the wind when he went on, but she never seemed to care.

"It was all over in a minute. He swung her all right to the first bar, but when it came to catching her after the somersaults, why she fell like a stone. That's all. She was dead when we picked her up, a little limp mass of crushed tarlatan and broken bones, with her head like a shot bird's as it lay on my shoulder. Poor kid!"

The old actor was silent, and after a pause someone asked:

"Did Tupper ever know that he killed her?"

"He didn't kill her," said the other, quietly. "She never reached for his grip at all; just let herself drop. I saw her, but I never said anything. I thought it was her own deal, and I wouldn't give it away. Only——" he hesitated, and a queer light came in his faded blue eyes as he looked at the strip of sky that showed over from the car window as the train whirled on. "Only I told Osborn."

THE DARK

BY

RALPH GRAHAM TABER

The hour when sunbeams fade and die
And twilight shrouds them in a pall;
When hushed is every songster's cry,
And hesitating dewdrops fall
To touch with Heaven's tears the rose
And scatter fleeting pearl drops shy
Upon the new-mown mead, that knows
The night wind's low, complaining sigh.

The hour when, in the deepening gloom,
The children cower by the fire,
And fill the shadows of the room
With fear-imagined spectres dire,
When ghostly corners by the stair
An aspect new and strange assume,
And one becomes a griffin's lair,
And one an entrance to a tomb.

This hour is loved the best of all
By age, whose lonely heart may trace,
The while the glowing embers fall,
The lines of each beloved face
And glean a touch of solace still,
As longing memories recall
The forms that only thus may fill
The vacant chairs beside the wall.

LETTERS TO JUSTINA

ON BOOKS AND READING

IV

MY DEAR JUSTINA:—Will you still be interested in hearing of new books, or do you do nothing now but read of the war? The output of war-poems has been voluminous; and we have still awaiting us war-novels and short stories. Let us hope that somebody will achieve fame in this new field, for that somebody's private purse and gratification not less than for our own enjoyment. I have read many odes, lyrics and battle songs, which have all of the fervor of these exciting days, but little or none of the true ring of poetry. I am sending a copy of some verses by Theodore Dreiser, which have impressed me more than any I have until now encountered. They have been widely copied and I fancy that with me you will find in them much dignity and vigor.

EXORDIUM

"Right with naked hands hath beaten
At the haughty gates of crime;
She hath for thy freedom battled
With all nations, through all time
She hath trod the snows of winter
With her blood-stained feet, sublime!

"Lo, no pain can thwart the holy,
Nor yet fear retard the free.
Right makes giants of the lowly,
Loosing fury to their plea.
She hath rung from kings, unwilling
Justice for her own, and thee.

"Her's the strength in every battle,
Her's the knowledge how to die,
And she speaketh through the landscape,
And she speaketh through the sky;
All her realm is, earth and heaven,
Good and evil, thou and I.

"She the broken line at Shiloh
Kept that freedom might not fall.
She hath stormed the clouds at Lookout,
Marched with Sherman over all;
Sped with Sheridan to victory
Gave to Brown the martyr's call.

"From the scabbard let thy sword leap,
Mercy speaks in her command,
By her slaughter brings she healing,
Bringeth love unto the land.
She is tender, without error,
And her dead wake to her hand.

"Yea, the time for her force cometh,
Cometh at the cry of pain,
Till impassioned lips thrill with it,
Till the heart beats to the strain;
O she maketh song of reason,
And to weapons moulds the chain.

"Be thou ready, ever waiting,
Lest the voice thou fail to hear,
Unto honor she shall bring thee,
Out of bondage, out of fear.
She shall wreath thy brow with sunbeams
Unto ages make thee dear."

It is just fifty years since William Makepeace Thackeray penned his delightfully humorous preface to the first volume edition of

The Biographical Edition
of
Thackeray's Works
(Harper & Brothers)
"Vanity Fair." No more appropriate time could have been selected to begin the issuance of the Biographical Edition of the great novelist's works than the present. No more sumptuous and tasteful presentation of "The Novel Without a Hero" than that which I am sending you, could be expected. No better editor for such an edition than Mrs. Anne Thackeray Ritchie could be proposed. In fine, dear Justina, I know of no author to whose memory a biographical edition may more deservedly be built up as a monument.

You have often told me how poor our literature is for the want of a real biography of Thackeray. You have bewailed the sparse number of his letters that have come to public revelation. I feel sure that this edition of Thackeray will, when completed, constitute the most satisfying of his biographies. In it are to be found all those little joys, trials, happenings, coincidences, moods, meditations, to which he himself alludes so daintily in "Pendennis," when he says that if one could know the real condition and doings of the author as his hero goes on his way gloriously what a different story—and how much more interesting—it might perhaps prove.

This, you will at once remember, is a specimen of that personal note, which being so

distasteful to a prominent American novelist, led him to fatuous endeavors to prove by critical principles of his own evolution, that Thackeray is decidedly inartistic. This writer still lives with some score or more of novels which are dead, and whose only credit is the substantial living their receipts have afforded him. We were supposed to believe Thackeray fatiguingly self-conscious because of this recurrent personal note. Whatever we may think of him for this, we know that his stories are real stories of live and lasting charm as well as instruction. Nor have we any record that Thackeray has ever posed for a magazine camera with all the fantastic wearisomeness of a dancing-master. What is more, our knowledge of the man is such that we can picture the mighty Englishman rejecting with humorous scorn the bare proposal of a like snobbish self-advertisement.

It has always seemed to me that Thackeray's method is something for which we should be grateful now, because it enables us to read the man between the lines of his novels. It is a rare fortune to have known such a man ever so little. It is better, and this none could have been more willing to avow than the novelist himself, to know his works. This latest edition will certainly give us all that better knowledge. We will find in it his drawings, the oddest and funniest and crudest, I know; his admirable letters, his notes and memoranda. As for "Vanity Fair" itself the well of laudation has long since been drawn dry over it. This only will I say that, after the first few numbers of "Vanity Fair" had appeared, its general reception was so chilling that the publishers seriously considered killing it off. Long after, when his fellowmen of letters and friends were complimenting Thackeray for this stupendous achievement, he wrote to his mother, "'Vanity Fair' does everything but sell!"

The author of "The Untempered Wind," the novel that scored so successfully some years ago and which is now being republished, has produced a most delightful idyl in "Judith Moore."

Judith Moore

By She has laid her plot, or shall I say the book has rather only a continuity of charm, in Ovid, a quaint little interior village of Canada. Here dwell types of shrewdness, stupidity, soul and apathy that remind us vaguely

Joanna E. Wood
(The Ontario Publishing Co.)

of the people in "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss." Here dwells Andrew Cutler, a gentleman farmer, as powerful as Hercules, as tender as a woman. Into Ovid and into the heart of hearts of Andrew Cutler comes Judith Moore, a *prima donna* who has made an enviable reputation in Europe, and who purposes recuperation in the midst of this quiet country life before attempting to scale the heights of glory in the opera houses of the United States. Andrew hears Judith sing and he is bewitched; he meets her and he is enthralled. But the magic of her voice and the charm of her personality seize him in bondage only to find herself enchained with him in the iron and golden gyves of love. Does she really love him? This I know you will ask, Justina, you who have so much contempt for the squanderous spending of love, which is most women's failing. I fancy, indeed I am sure, she does; for she casts her future triumphs in that fairy land of success, riches, flowers, adoration and fame in the balance against the loyalty and devotion of the simple though gentle tiller of the soil. But her manager comes down upon her with his iron-bound contracts and the reminders that without him she should ever have remained unknown. By the very force of her honest and steadfast character she remains constant to her professional obligations though the ordeal cracks her heart. And so she goes away leaving a horrible hollow of gloom and loneliness in the life of her betrothed. Do they ever see each other again? That I will not say since I would not spoil your taste of this exquisite little idyl.

The author's style is eminently suited to the subject matter of the tale. The pictures of village life are as accurate as they are amusing. The author has given expression to many beautiful thoughts in the progress of the story. As for instance, when speaking of the heroine's magic voice-gift, we read: "There is no gift so marvellous, so maddening, so divine as the gift of song—none so evanescent, none so sad." Remember Christine Nilsson grown into a stout, tired woman gambling with unheard-of luck over the tables at Monte Carlo; and remember her triumphs of many, oh so many years ago. What record beside words have we of her soul-thrilling song? Not even a phonographic cylinder, heaven be thanked, for that is the most barbarous of modern inventions. Again:

"Great indeed must be the love of that woman who is willing to accept, nay, even help, to win the woman who is to displace her in the affections of one with whom she has from babyhood been first. And that is the doom of all women who rear children, whether their own or not; to nurse them, watch them, pray for them, painfully perhaps; keep them as pure as may be; make them as true as possible; and then some day have them bring a stranger, a boy or a girl, of whom they have bereft some other woman, and say, 'Look, this is my best beloved.' Is not that a great reward for which to fast, and thirst, and labor? And yet that is the good guerdon gained by many a woman, whose name, if but granted the right meed of praise, would be written in letters of gold on a silver sky."

I have just received from England a copy of Henley's masterly Essay on Burns, which came so near to winning Stephen Phillips

Henley's Essay on

Burns

Academy prize of one hundred pounds. I am glad that the crown of merit was not awarded to the Essay, because it could not but have cheapened the reputation of what is conceded by all authorities to be a unique example of essay writing in these decadent days of this form of literature. It is, as you will easily recall, the appendix to "The Centenary Burns" which was prepared by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson; and with a fine courtesy and appreciation Mr. Henley dedicates this reprint of the Essay to his collaborator. The whole British press has spoken in such a splendid tone of united praise of the editing of the poems and of the essay itself, that it were foolish of one to try to echo their plaudits. Let me say for my own little self, Justina, that it is hard to suggest a more satisfying and wholesome pleasure than a perusal of this Essay on Burns. Mr. Henley's work is at once highly literary, profoundly human and admirably careful. His notes are full of important information and keen observation. But the most rare and beautiful quality of the work is the perfect balance which Mr. Henley keeps in viewing the graces and defects of the "life, genius and achievement" of Burns. No critic has exhibited the poet-peasant so realistically, so uncompromisingly and yet so tenderly. No critic has so logically discovered the development of Burns' gift through environment and the influence of his predecessors in the rhyme of the vernacular. The following passage on this point is not less remarkable as an example of Mr. Henley's logic than as a specimen of sheer yet purely inspired eloquence:

"I have stressed this point because I wish to stress another, and with a view to making clear, and to setting in its proper perspective, the fact that, genius apart, Burns was no miracle, but a natural development of circumstances and time. The fact is patent enough to all but them that, for a superstition's sake, insist on ignoring history, and decline to recognize the unchanging processes of natural and social Law. Without the achievement of Aeschylus, there can be no such perfection as Sophocles; just as, perfection achieved, the decline of tragedy, as in Euripides, is but a matter of time. But for the Middle Ages and the reaction against the Middle Ages, there could have been no Rousseau, no Rabelais, no Montaigne in France. Had there been no Surrey and no Marlowe, no Chaucer and no Ovid (to name no more than these in a hundred influences), who shall take on himself to say the shape in which we now should be privileged to regard the greatest artist that ever expressed himself in speech? It is in all departments of human energy as in the eternal round of nature. There can be no birth where there is no preparation. The sower must take his seedsheet and go afield into ground prepared for his ministrations, or there can be

no harvest. The Poet springs from a compost of ideals and experiences and achievements, whose essences he absorbs and assimilates, and in whose absence he could not be the Poet. This is especially true of Burns. He was the last of a school. It culminated in him, because he had more genius and genius of a finer, a rarer and a more generous quality, than all his immediate ancestors put together.

To write a problem novel is not one of the least venturesome risks in literature; to attempt to read one frequently involves an

Meir Ezofovitch

A Novel of Jewish Life

By

Eli za Orzeszko

(W. L. Allison Co.)

equal responsibility. In "Meir Ezofovitch," translated from the original Polish by Iza Young, the author has seized upon a magnificent theme, and the reader is fascinated from the first page to the last with a narrative of mighty power and tenderness. I have rarely read a story, dear Justina, that moves with such a tremendous and sustained organ-swell. The Polish-Jewish town Syzbow presents a pitiable picture of some thousand members of a keenly intelligent and affectionate race laboring in the darkness of religious fanaticism. A kind of Messiah, in the form of a young man of original thought and an honest, inquiring spirit, springs up to rescue his fellows from the woes of their ignorance. His mission is mercilessly opposed and persecuted until he is finally anathematized and excommunicated. But the seed of his new evangel of light and love have been in part happily sown, and we feel that his downfall is but the price of the redemption of his people. The book to which perhaps a more rememberable title might have been given in the translation, is pregnant with passages of surpassing finish and sound philosophy. The author handles the subject with consummate skill and sensibility. The matter for the most part should be a revelation to us. If the tale were not so faithfully told one would be cautious in the acceptance of the appalling human conditions it discovers. When we see a holy merchant kneeling down before his wife and with outstretched hands thanking Jehovah that he was not born a woman; and when we hear that wife praying after him, thanking Jehovah that she is what she is, we lose a large quantum of our respect for the promoters of such an orison. The reverence of child for parent, the passionate affection of parent for offspring are a delight to the heart as described in this book; but the portrayal of the average inhumanity of man to man in a village of such strong religious sense, kills much of the reader's respect for his species. The story draws out to a full and sonorous close. I had but one wish on reaching it, and that was to re-read the book at once. But I will be less selfish, dear Justina, and send it to you in all haste.

Ever yours, *Chris.*

THE PUBLISHER'S TABLE

A MATTER OF PRIVILEGE

IT is a time-honored custom for publishers to occupy more or less space in their productions in calling attention to what they have done, are doing, and propose to do. It is a feature which is not unattractive provided there is anything of real interest to be said, and we avail ourselves of the privilege, honestly believing that there is much to be told about AINSLEE'S that the public should know.

What we have done is to demonstrate to the world by means of a practical object lesson that it is possible to sell a magazine perfect in every respect for five cents per copy. Others have given you first-class magazines for ten cents, much to the astonishment and satisfaction of those who imagined it could not be done for less than a quarter. Until AINSLEE'S appeared it was believed that ten cents was the lowest possible price. You see AINSLEE'S and know differently.

What we are now doing is to convince the reading public that we can not only give them an excellent magazine for five cents, but that we can put before them in its columns the latest and best work of the greatest living writers. This number is a fair sample of what we are accomplishing in this direction. Candidly, isn't it all we claim, and more?

What we propose to do is to keep right in the lines we have laid down. We will pay just as much for authors' work as if the magazine retailed for a dollar. We invite comparison with any magazine, no matter what the price. Our illustrations will be the best to be procured, our articles will be those that the public like best. Cost is no consideration in this regard. We have a high mark at which we are aiming. AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE must be the most popular and have the largest circulation of any in the world. Nothing short of this will satisfy us, and while this may seem a large and presumptuous ambition, we have "hitched our wagon to a star" and shall let no obstacles stand in our way.

THE ONLY FIVE CENT MAGAZINE

AINSLEE'S claims to be the only *real* magazine sold for five cents. It is true that other publications purporting to be magazines are to be purchased at that price, but are they magazines? If half a dozen short stories make

a magazine, yes. If special illustrations, special articles on timely topics, and a variety of high class matter suited to the times are essential to a real magazine then, AINSLEE'S is the only five cent magazine in existence. Ninety-six large illustrated pages will be found in AINSLEE'S—forty-eight to sixty-four small ones, un-illustrated, in the other alleged five cent magazines. Is there any room for argument as to which is the best value?

COVERS

Have you taken special notice of the beautiful covers of AINSLEE'S? The historical subjects of which the series is composed form a collection worthy of framing, and special pride is taken in the fact that they are all thoroughly American. It is not an overstatement of fact to say that the cover alone is worth more than the price of the complete book.

THE JULY AINSLEE'S

In these stirring days of war there is no subject of greater interest than the manners and customs of our soldiers and sailors who are making history. Without neglecting other subjects to too great an extent, we shall devote the July AINSLEE'S to timely articles on the above lines.

"Soldiers of the Sea," is an article descriptive of the United States Marine Corps, their formation, history, daily life, etc., illustrated in a comprehensive way.

"Making a Man-o'-Wars-Man" will describe how the raw recruit is turned into a full-fledged soldier-sailor, ready and able to fight for his flag to the best advantage—illustrated.

"The National Volunteer Reserve" treats of this important factor in our Nation's defence in an able manner, and is accompanied by twenty portraits of the famous generals who are its leading spirits.

"Our Citizen Sailors" is an article descriptive of the Naval Reserve Militia of the United States—illustrated.

The balloon will undoubtedly play an important part in the war, which makes our scientific review of the Balloon as a War Machine a valuable addition to the list. This is by no means all the July AINSLEE will contain, but don't you think any one of the above mentioned articles is sufficient to warrant

your investment of five cents on June 25th, when it will be on sale by all newsdealers?

HERE TO STAY

AINSLIE'S is not a "flash-in-the-pan" affair. We are giving other magazine publishers many uneasy moments, and expect to keep them on the anxious seat in the future, so they may as well become resigned to the inevitable first as last. They cannot be blamed for not giving the public as good as AINSLEE'S. If we get all the best writers, they can only secure choice of the second-rate talent which remains.

FUTURE TREATS FOR READERS OF AINSLEE'S

The editor of AINSLEE'S has made some contracts for special articles for future issues, which give us cause to congratulate the public on that which is awaiting them.

Among others we may mention a series of six complete stories by the noted novelist, Robert Barr. These stories, although each complete in itself, are held together by a connecting link which will lend an added interest to those who read the entire series. The newest products of the famous pens of A. Conan Doyle and Bret Harte are among the galaxy of attractions under contract, as well as a host of special articles by the greatest philosophers, politicians and clergymen of the day. To say it all in one sentence "Buy AINSLEE'S regularly and you will be sure to get the latest and best products of the best writers, illustrated by the best artists."

HAVE YOU READ THIS NUMBER?

If so, what do you think of it? Honestly, now, did you believe you could get so much for the money? If the price was not printed on it, and you had been charged a quarter for it, would you have any thought that you had been swindled—had failed to receive the value of your money? No—certainly not. Appearances might deceive, but if you have read it through, you *know* the value is there. That is what we want your friends to know as well. May we not count on your saying a good word for us, and giving your candid opinion as to whether we have substantiated our claim that AINSLEE'S compares favorably with any magazine, notwithstanding the fact that its price is the least?

100,000 CIRCULATION

Our circulation is all that could be desired. The public are gradually discovering that they must have AINSLEE'S. Note letter on the second cover page of this number from the

manager of the American News Company, which handles for us that portion of our edition which is circulated through the news trade.

This is quite a respectable order for a magazine born in 1898. When AINSLEE'S gets beyond its babyhood, we expect to show some circulation figures that will make new world's records.

THE MAGAZINE AS AN EDUCATOR

The magazine and the newspaper of to-day are the great educators and moulders of public opinion. Of the two the magazine occupies the more responsible position. There is so much of fiction necessarily interwoven with fact in the newspaper, owing to the hurried preparation and the impossibility of verifying the work of a multitude of writers, in the limited time available, that the public look with more or less doubt on assertions coming from this source. The reckless chase for sensation and the fierce rivalry between the great metropolitan dailies have intensified these doubts on the part of the public, until it is the common custom after reading an article in a daily paper to exclaim, "I wonder if it's true." Some journals are greater offenders than others in this respect, but all are tainted with the same poison to a greater or less degree.

The magazines as popular educators were not an important factor until the advent of low-priced magazines brought these works into the homes of the masses. To-day, however, there is hardly a more potent influence in the land than these same magazines. With the talent and brains of the whole world at their disposal, and with sufficient time for preparation to insure accuracy and truth in all that is published, the people now look to the magazine to shape their opinions and give them the result of the world's thought and deed. The magazine in its true sphere is leading the human race to a higher and better plane of civilization, by illustrations of an order of merit hitherto unknown to the art of printing, accompanying essays, descriptive articles and stories of the most timely character and the highest literary merit, fully authenticated as to fact and accuracy. The publishers of AINSLEE'S deem this to be the function and purpose of a legitimate magazine, and as such it is put forth, to be tested in the crucible of that unerring analyst—public opinion. We invite and desire comparison with the magazines of the world, confident that AINSLEE'S is as good as the best.

ANNOUNCEMENT EXTRAORDINARY

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE

HAS THE HONOR TO ANNOUNCE FOR EARLY PUBLICATION

A SERIES OF SIX STORIES

BY

ROBERT BARR

ALTHOUGH each of these tales is complete in itself, there is a connecting link which binds the whole number and compels continuous interest.

Robert Barr is recognized as one of the most virile and fascinating writers of modern fiction. His career as a journalist and correspondent before attaining his present important position has furnished him with meat for volumes of stirring adventure and strange phases of human life. An appreciation of Mr. Barr's work and his personality, embellished with his latest portrait will appear in AINSLEE'S for July.

AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE FOR JULY

Besides the special letters and detailed accounts which will come from our correspondents in Cuba and in the American Navy, AINSLEE'S for July will contain several articles of particular interest and instruction at this time of war.

SOLDIERS OF THE SEA

The United States Marine Corps Afloat and Ashore
BY HENRY HARRISON LEWIS. This is an article of exact technical knowledge written in a clear, simple style. The story of our Marines is tersely told from A to Z; and the illustrations to the text are adequate and attractive.

OUR CITIZEN SAILORS

BY LEWIS COLEMAN. An excellent article on the Naval Militia of the United States with profuse and faithful illustrations.

THE MAKING OF A MAN-OF-WARSMAN

BY GILBERT CRAMNER. Describes the development of a man-of-warship from the moment of raw recruiting till the government considers him a finished soldier and sailor of Uncle Sam. Strikingly illustrated.

THE NATIONAL VOLUNTEER RESERVE

BY RUFUS ROCKWELL WILSON. An entertaining account of the forming of the National Volunteer Reserve to meet the exigencies of the war with Spain. Illustrated with twenty portraits of famous Generals who are the leading spirits of the movement.

Three Remarkably Picturesque Portraits Hitherto Unpublished

"THE SPANISH GUNNER"
"THE PLAZA OF CIENFUEGOS"
"ASLEEP ON THE DECK"

THE MAKING OF SMALL ARMS

BY THEODORE DREISER. A graphic description of the most wonderful manufactory in the United States. Brilliantly illustrated.

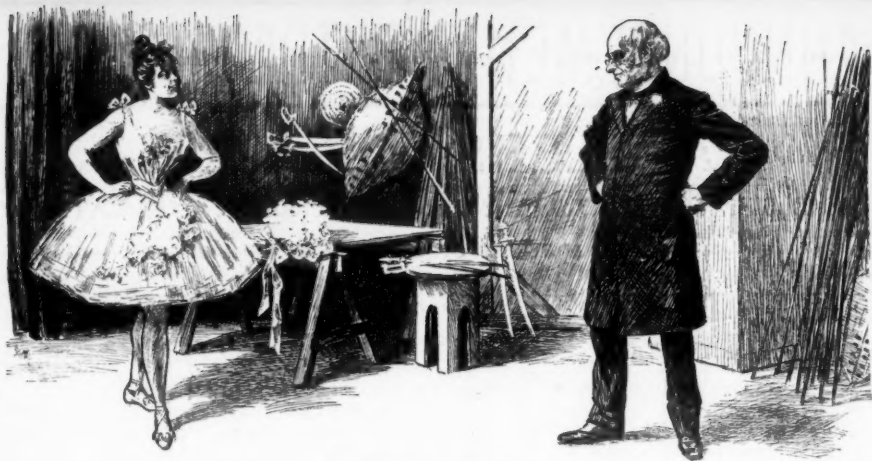
STORIES BY OPIE READ, ANTHONY HOPE

STANLEY J. WEYMAN, AND OTHERS



AINSLIE'S MAGAZINE 50 CTS. PER YEAR

~ ~ 81 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK ~ ~



CONSISTENT FOR ONCE

Manager—You women are so inconsistent—with a salary of a hundred a week, you are spending a hundred and fifty. Why is it necessary for you to live so high?

Sou Brette—Aren't you billing me as the star of the performance?

THE FIRST BATHER

Standing with reluctant feet
Where the beach and ocean meet,
What chilly thoughts the waters bring
To the first bather in the spring.
Ouch! The water's worse than cold.
Wow! I've been too over-bold.
There's an iceberg somewhere there.
Part of it is in the air.
Chitter, chatter go the teeth.
Rustle, rattle bones beneath.
Yet it will not do to yell.
No more will it do to tell.
I'll get even, bet your tin,
On the next who ventures in.

NOTED BY THE STAGE CARPENTER

The Villian—Aha! Your hour has come!
The Heroine—Fly, Adolphus, fly!
The Hero—I will not fly—but yet, on
second thought, (dodging a turnip), on
second thought, I'll take to the wings.

A LEGAL ONE

Dr. Lancet—How about that case of typhus you were telling me of last week—will a consultation be necessary?

Dr. Squills—Er, I'm afraid so—I don't know much about probating bills.

THE Most Useful Household Magazine published for women to-day makes a special three month's offer to the readers of AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE. We will send the AMERICAN QUEEN for the months of June, July and August, and also a copy of Charles Dana Gibson's American Queen for the sum of 30c. This Gibson picture measures 20x28 and is printed on paradox paper and can be had nowhere else. Ordinarily such pictures by Gibson sell for two dollars.

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Frank Stockton, Le Breton, Clara Louise Burnham, Kate Upson Clark, Martha McCulloch-Williams, C. Beecher Bunnell, Barry Pain, Edward S. Ellis, and others,

will contribute the fiction throughout the summer months. Every issue of the QUEEN contains from three to five complete stories, besides fashions, embroidery, cookery, lace making, home furnishing, household topics, beauty and the toilet, cycling work for women, etc., is copiously illustrated by the best artists.

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FREE on receipt of stamp for postage, samples of our Clinton Safety Pin, our new "Sovran" pin and a pretty animal colored book for the children.

OAKVILLE CO., Waterbury, Conn.



NOT IN OLLENDORF

She—What is the Spanish word for the Cubans?

He—"Extermination."

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FOR ANY FAILURE.

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Neck and Arms removed in 3 minutes by

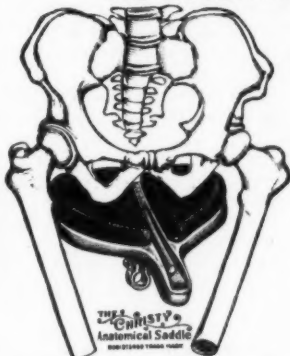
MME. A. RUPPERT'S DEPIILATORY.



The above offer is bona-fide. Mme. Ruppert will pay to any one having hair on any part of the person that her wonderful Depilatory will not remove in 3 minutes without injury to the skin five thousand (\$5,000) dollars. Mme. Ruppert refers any one interested as to her financial responsibility to the publisher of this magazine. Mme. Ruppert's Depilatory is wonderful in its action, immediately dissolving all superfluous hair from the face, neck, arms, or any part of the person. It acts like magic. One application removes entirely all disfiguring hair inside of 3 minutes. Every bottle is guaranteed or money refunded. Its application is so simple that a child can use it without the slightest injury. Mme. Ruppert has placed this wonderful **DEPIILATORY** within the reach of all. A bottle will be mailed to any one in plain wrapper on receipt of \$1.00, although the price of a first-class preparation of this kind should be much higher.

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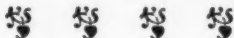
THE true, the trusted and the entire story of Cuba, its rise and its rescue, is to be made available for the interest and the enlightenment of the world. To make this one book a trinity of unique forces—the cause, the man and the hour—have been produced and joined by an inscrutable fate. Together they make of **FITZHUGH LEE'S BOOK** a work that is grand in its purpose, unquestioned in its authenticity, and unrivalled in its popular interest.

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Present revolution—its causes and conduct.
Cuban leaders—character and their plans—ability in field and council.
Spanish and Cuban character—points of resemblance and dissimilarity.
Conduct of the Cuban war—the insurgent's method—points of weakness and strength.
Weyler's inhuman rule—the atrocities he caused.
Reconcentrados—their suffering and decimation.
Blanco's rule, autonomy and its failure.
Fillbuster expeditions—American attitude and conduct towards them.
American relief work—difficulties met and results obtained.
Why the Maine came to Havana harbor—its reception—life of its officers and men when in Havana harbor.
Sentiment in Havana towards America and Americans.
Destruction of the Maine and its cause.
General Lee's own observations and experiences.
The whole truth about the blowing up of the Maine.
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True story of the rescue of Miss Cienfuegos.
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